

CATILINE

HIS

CONSPIRACY.

A

Tragoedie.

As it is now Acted by His
MAJESTIE'S Servants ;
at the Theatre R O Y A L.

The Author B. f.

H O R A T.

-----*His non plebecula gaudet :*
Verum equitis quoq; jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for A. C. and are to be sold by *William Cademan* at the *Pope's Head* in the Lower walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1669.

САТИРИЧЕСКАЯ

ХІІІ

СОНЕПІЯ

Трагедія

автора А. Гоголя
переведена з французської

автора А. Гоголя

автора А. Гоголя

МОДА

автора А. Гоголя

A PROLOGUE

To CATILINE,

To be Merrily spoke by Mrs. Nell,
in an *Amazonian Habit.*

A Woman's Prologue ! This is vent'rous News ;
But me, a Poet wanting, Crav'd a Mule.
Why should our Brains ly^e Fallow, as if they
VVithout His fire, were meer Promethean Clay ?
In Natur's Plain-Song we may bear our parts ;
Although VVe want choice Descant from the Arts,
Amongst Musicians ; so the Philomel
May in VVild-Notes, though not in Rules excell.
And when i'th weaker Vessel Wit doth ly^e ;
Though into Froth it will work out, and flye.
But Gentlemen, You know our formal way,
Although we're sure 'tis false, yet we must say,
Nay Pish, Nay Eye, in troth it is not good,
VVhen we the while, think it not understood :
Hither repair all you that are for Ben ;
Let th' House hold full, We're sure to carry 't then.
Slight not this Femal Summons ; Phœbus-rayes,
To Crown his Poets, turn'd our Sex to Bayes.
And Ladies sure you'l vote for us entire,
(This Plot doth prompt the Prologue to conspire)
Such inoffensive Combination can
But show, who best deserves true worth in Man.
And You, with Your great Author taking Part ;
May chance be thought, like him to know the Art,
Vouchsafe then, as you look, to speak us fair,
Let the Gallants dislike it, if they dare :
They will so forfeit the repute of Judges,
You may turn Am'zons, and make them Drudges.
Man's claim to Rule is, in his Reason bred ;
This Masculine Sex of Brain may make you Head.
* Tis real Skill, in the Right place to praise ;
But more, to have the Wit, not to Write Plays.



THE EPILOGUE

By the same.

NO Dance, no Song, no Farce ? His lofty Pen,
How e're we like it; doubtless Wrote to Men.
Height may be his, as it was Babel's fall;
There Bricklayers turn'd to Linguists, ruin'd all.
I do ne're spoke this, had I not heard by many,
He lik't one silent Woman, above any :
And against us had such strange prejudice ;
For our Applause, he scorn'd to Write amiss.
For all this, he did us, like Wonders, prize ;
Not for our Sex, but when he found us Wise.
A Poet runs the Gantlet, and his slips,
Are bare expos'd to regiments of Whips :
Among those, he to Poetick Champions Writ ;
As We to gain the Infancy of Wit.
VVhich if they prove the greatest Number, then
The House hath cause to thank Nell, more than Ben.
Our Author might prefer your praise, perhaps,
VVee'd rather have your Money, than your Claps.



The Persons of the Play.

Sylla's Ghoſt.

Catiline.	Cicero.
Lentulus.	Antonius.
Cethegus.	Cato.
Curius.	Catulus.
Autronius.	Crassus.
Vargunteius.	Cæsar.
Longinus.	<i>Qu.</i> Cicero.
Lecca.	Syllanus.
Fulvius.	Flaccus.
Bestia.	Pomtinius.
Gabinius.	Sanga.
Statilius.	Senators.
Ceparius.	Allobroges.
Cornelius.	Petreius.
Volturtius.	Souldiers.
Aurelia.	Porter.
Fulvia.	Lictors.
Sempronia.	Servants.
Galla.	Pages.

Chorus.

The Scene *Rome.*



The Principal Tragoedians,

Are

Mr. Hart.

Mr. Burt.

Mr. Mohun.

Mr. Winterson.

Mr. Beefton.

Mr. Cartwright.

Mr. Kinnaston.

Mr. Gradwell.

Mr. Reeves.

Mr. Bell.





CATILINE.

ACT I.

Sylla's Ghost.

Dost thou not feel me, *Rome*? not yet? Is night
So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?
Can *Sylla's* Ghost arise within thy walls,
Less threatening, than an Earth-quake, the quick falls
Of thee, and thine? Shake not the frightened heads
Of thy steep towers? or shrink to their first beds?
Or, as their ruine the large *Tyber* fills,
Make that swell up, and drown thy seven proud hills?

What sleep is this doth seize thee, so like death,
And is not it? Wake, feel her, in my breath:
Behold, I come, sent from the *Stygian* sounds,
As a dire vapor, that had cleft the ground,
T'ingender with the night, and blast the day;
Or like a Pestilence, that should display
Infection through the world: which, thus, I do.
Plus be at thy councells; and into

{ *Discover*s Catiline
in his Study.

B. Thy

Thy darker bosom enter Sylla's spirit :
 All, that was mine, and bad, thy brest inherit.
 Alas, how weak is that, for *Cariline* !
 Did I but say (vain voice !) all that was mine ?
 All, that the *Gracchi*, *Cinna*, *Marius* would ;
 What now, had I a body again, I could,
 Coming from hell ; what Fiends would wish, should be ;
 And *Hannibal* could not have wish'd to see ;
 Think thou, and practice. Let the long-hid seeds
 Of treason, in thee, now shoot forth in deeds,
 Ranker, than horror ; and thy former facts
 Not fall in mention, but to urge new acts :
 Conscience of them provoke thee on to more.
 Be still thy incests, murders, rapes before
 Thy sense ; thy forcing first a *Vestall Nun* ;
 Thy parricide, late, on thine own only son,
 After his mother ; to make empty way
 For thy last wicked nuptials ; worse, than they,
 That blaze that act of thy incestuous life,
 Which got thee, at once, a daughter, and a wife.
 I leave the slaughterers that thou didst for me,
 Of *Senators* ; for which, I hid for thee
 Thy murder of thy brothers (being so brib'd)
 And writ him in the list of thy prosper'd
 After thy fact, to save thy little shame :
 Thy incest, with thy sister, I not name.
 These are too light. *Fate* will have thee pursue
 Deeds, after which, no mischief can be new ;
 The ruine of thy countrey : thou wert built
 For such a work, and born for no less guilt.
 What though defeated once th' hadst been, and known,
 Tempt it again : That is thy act, or none.
 What all the several ills, that visit earth,
 (Brought forth by night, with a sinister birth)
 Plagues, famine, fire could not reach unto,
 The sword, nor surfets ; let thy fury do :
 Make all past, present, future ill thine own ;
 And conquer all example, in thy one.
 Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
 To hate an old, but still a fresher crime
 Drown the remembrance : let not mischief cease,
 But while it is in punishing, encrease.

Consci-

CATILINE.

3

Conscience, and care die in thee ; and be free
Not heav'n it self from thy impieties that call'd you
Let night grow blacker with thy plots ; and day,
At shewing but thy head forth, start away the dark reproach of your actions W
From this half-spear : and leave *Rome's* blinded walls,
T' embrace lusts, hatreds, slaughter, funerals, that had you in your hands
And not recover sight, till their own flames the an joy of your actions W
Do light them to their ruines. All the names of the confederates W Johns reproach of
Of thy confederates, too, be no less great, nor illus'ned of the actions W
In hell, than here : that, when we would repeat the actions of the confederates W
Our strengths in cruster, we may name you all, and not forget the actions W
And *Furies*, upon you, for *Furies*, call. as the actions of the confederates W
Whilst, what you do, may strike them into fears, of the actions of the confederates W
Or make them grieve, and wish your mischief theirs. as the actions of the confederates W

Catiline.

IT is decree'd. Nor shall thy Fate, O *Rome*, on the actions of the confederates W
Resift my vow. Though hills were set o'th' hills, that had you in your hands W
And seas met seas, to guard thee ; I would through the actions of the confederates W
I, plough up rocks, steep as the *Alps*, in dust ; that had you in your hands W
And lave the *Tyrrhene* waters, into clouds ; that had you in your hands W
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city. that had you in your hands W
The ills that I have done, cannot be safe as the actions of the confederates W
But by attempting greater ; and I feel as the actions of the confederates W
A spirit, within me, chides my sluggish hands ; as the actions of the confederates W
And fayes, they have been innocent too long. as the actions of the confederates W
Was I a man, bred great, as *Rome* her self as the actions of the confederates W
One, form'd for all her honors, all her glories ? as the actions of the confederates W
Equal to all her titles ? that could stand as the actions of the confederates W
Close up, with *Atlas*, and sustains her name as the actions of the confederates W
As strong, as he doth heav'n ? And, was I, as the actions of the confederates W
Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulse as the actions of the confederates W
By her no voice, when I stood *Candidate*, as the actions of the confederates W
To be commander in the *Pontick* war ? as the actions of the confederates W
I will, hereafter, call her step-dame, ever. as the actions of the confederates W
If she can loose her nature, I can loose as the actions of the confederates W
My piety ; and in her stony entrailes as the actions of the confederates W
Dig me a seat : where, I will live, again ; and as the actions of the confederates W
The labour of her womb, and be a burden, as the actions of the confederates W
Weightier than all the prodigies, and monsters, as the actions of the confederates W
That she hath teem'd with, since she first knew *Mars*. as the actions of the confederates W

Caſiline, Aurelia. I am yet more loth to leave you
than her; a cold and dreary world would be to me.

Who's there? *Aur.* 'Tis I. *Cat.* Aurelia? *Aur.* Yes. *Cat.* Appear, and break, like day, my beauty, to this circle; upbraid thy *Phœbus*, that he is so long abſent, after somemore in mounting to that point, which should give thee thy proper splendor. Wherefore frown my sweet? or mark my cheek? Have I too long been absent from these lips? *He kisses them.* This cheek, these eyes? What is thy trespass? speak.

Aur. It seems, you know, that can accuse your self.

Cat. I will redeem it.

Aur. Still, you say so. *When* *Amor* *left* *Aurelia*, *she* *left* *him*.

Cat. When *Orestilla* by her bearing well her young *Amor*, These my retirements, and stoln times for thought, Shall give their effects leave to call her *Queen* Of all the World, in place of humbled *Rome*.

Aur. You court me, now. O *Amor*! *Amor*! *Amor*!

Cat. As I would alwayes, *Love*, By this *ambroſack* kiss, and this of *myself*, sending of *myself* to *him*. Wouldſt thou but hear as gladly, as I ſpeak, as is quiet, and you ſhall hear. Could my *Aurelia* think, I meant her leſſe, when I ſaid, *Amor*? When, wooing her, I firſt remov'd a wife, And then a ſon, to make my bed, and house, Spacious, and fit t' embrace her? *These were deeds* *of* *giants*. Not t' have begun with, but to end with *more*, And greater: "He that, building ſtayes at one "Floor, or the ſecond, hath erected none." *Twas* how to raise thee, I was meditating; To make ſome act of mine anſwer thy love. *Amor*! *Amor*! *Amor*! That love, that, when my ſtate was now quite ſunk, Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it up again; And made my 'emergent-fortune once more look down upon *the world*. Above the main; which, now, ſhall hit the ſtairs, And flick my *Orestilla*, there, amongst 'em, If any tempeſt can but make the billow, And any billow can but lift her greatness. But, I muſt pray my love, ſhe will put out my light, and ſet me Like habits with my ſelf. I have to do With many men, and many natures. Some, That muſt be blown, and looſh'd; as *Lemnulus*, *Amor*! *Amor*! *Amor*! Whom I have heav'd, with magnifying his bloud,

And

And a vain dream, out of the *Sybill's* books,
That a third man, of that great family,
Whereof he is descended, the *Cornelis*,
Should be a king in *Rome* : which I have hir'd
The flattering *Augures* to interpret him,
Cinna, and *Sylla* dead. Then, bold *Cetegus*,
Whose valour I have turn'd into his poyson,
And prais'd so into daring, as he would
Go on upon the Gods, kiss lightning, wrest
The engine from the *Cyclop's*, and give fire
At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire :
When I would bid him move. Others there are,
Whom envy to the state draws, and puts on,
For contumelies receiv'd, (and such are sure ones)
As Curius, and the fore-nam'd *Lemulus*,
Both which have been degraded, in the *Senate*,
And must have their disgraces, still, new rub'd,
To make 'em smart, and labour of revenge.
Others, whom meer ambition fires, and dole
Of provinces abroad, which they have fain'd
To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd :
These, *Lecca*, *Varganteus*, *Bestia*, *Amronius*.
Some, whom their wants opprels, as th'idle Captains
Of *Sylla*'s troops : and divers *Roman* Knights
(The profuse wasters of their patrimonies)
So threatened with their debts, as they will, now,
Run any desperate fortune, for a change.
These, for a time, we must relieve, *Aurelia*,
And make our house the safe-guard : like, for those,
That fear the law, or stand within her gripe,
For any act past, or to come. Such will
From their own crimes, be factious, as from ours.
Some more there be, slight airlings, will be won,
With dogs and horses ; or, perhaps, a whore ;
Which must be had : and if they venture lives,
For us, *Aurelia*, we must hazard honors
A little. Get thee store, and change of women,
As I have boyes ; and give 'hem time, and place,
And all connivence : be thy self, too, courtly ;
And entertain, and feast, sit up, and revell ;
Call all the great, the fair, and spirited *Dames*
Of *Rome* about thee ; and begin a fashion.

Of freedom, and community. Some will thank thee,
 Though the lowre Senate frown, whose heads must ake
 In fear, and feeling too. We must not spare
 Or cost, or modesty. It can but shew
 Like one of Juno's, or of Jove's disguises,
 In either thee, or me : and will as soon,
 When things succeed, be thrown by, or let fall,
 As is a vail put off, a visor chang'd,
 Or the scene shifted in our theaters —
 Who's that? It is the voice of *Lentulus*.

[A noise without.]

Anr. Or of *Cethegus*. *Cat.* In, my fair *Aurelia*,
 And think upon theire arts. They must not see,
 How far you are trusted with these privacies;
 Though on their shoulders, necks, and heads you rise.

Lentulus, *Cethegus*, *Catiline*.

IT is, me thinks, a morning, full of fate!
 It riseth slowly, as her fallen carr
 Had all the weights of sleep, and death hung at it!
 She is not rosy-finger'd, but tweln black!
 Her face is like a water, turn'd to bloud,
 And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
 As if she threatened night, ere noon of day!
 It does not look, as it would have a hail,
 Or health, wish'd in it, as on other morns.

Cet. Why, all the fitter, *Lentulus*: our coming
 Is not for salutation, we have busines.

Cat. Said nobly, brave *Cethegus*. Where's *Autronius*?

Cet. Is he not come? *Cat.* Not here. *Cet.* Nor *Verguncius*?

Cat. Neither. *Cet.* A fire in their beds, and bosoms,
 That so will serve their sloth, rather than vertue.

They are no *Romans*, and at such high-need
 As now. *Len.* Both they, *Longinus*, *Lecca*, *Curius*,
Fulvius, *Gabinus*, gave me word, last night,
 By *Lucius Bestia*, they would all be here,
 And early. *Cet.* Yes? As you, had I not call'd you?
 Come, we all sleep, and are meer dormaice; flies,
 A little les than dead: more dulness hangs
 On us, than on the morn. We're spirit-bound,
 In ribs of ice; our whole blouds are one stome;
 And honor cannot thaw us; nor our wants:

Though

Though they burn, hot as fevers, to our States.

Cat. I muse they would be tardy, at an hour
Of so great purpose. *Cet.* If the Gods had call'd
Them, to a purpose, they would just have come
With the same tortoise speed ! that are thus slow
To such an action, which the Gods will envy :
As asking no less means, than all their powers.
Conjoyn'd, t'effect. I would have seen *Rome* burn't,
By this time ; and her ashes in an urn :
The kingdom of the *Senate*, rent a-sunder ;
And the degenerate, talking- Gown run frighted,
Out of the air of *Italy*. *Cat.* Spirit of men !
Thou, heart of our great enterprise ! how much
I love these voices in thee ! *Cet.* O, the dayes
Of *Sylla*'s sway, when the free sword took leave
To act all that it would ! *Cat.* And was familiar
With the entrails, as our *Augures* ! *Cet.* Sons kild fathers,
Brothers their brothers. *Cat.* And had price, and praise.
All hate had licence given it : all rage rains.

Cet. Slaughter bestrad the streets, and stretch'd himself
To seem more huge ; whilst to his stained thighs
The gore he drew flow'd up : and carried down
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies, through his arch.
No age was spar'd, no sex. *Cat.* Nay, no degree.

Cet. Not infants, in the porch of life were free.
The sick, the old, that could but hope a day
Longer, by natures bounty, not let stay.
Virgins, and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,
All dyed. *Cat.* 'Twas crime enough, they that had lives.
To strike but only those, that could do hurt,
Was dull, and poor. Some fell to make the number,
As some the prey. *Cet.* The rugged *Charon* fainted,
And ask'd a navy, rather than a boat,
To ferry over the sad world that came :
The maws, and dens of beasts could not receive
The bodies, that those souls were frighted from ;
And e'en the graves were fill'd with them, yet living,
Whose flight, and fear had mix'd them, with the dead.

Cat. And this shall be again, and more and more,
Now *Lentulus*, the third *Cornelius*,
Is to stand up in *Rome*. *Len.* Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain. *Cat.* How ! *Len.* I mean, not clear'd.

And

And, therefore, not to be reflected on.

Cat. The *Sybill's* leaves uncertain? or the comments
Of our grave, deep, divining men not clear?

Len. All prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.

Cat. But this, already, hath confess'd, without
And so been weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
As 't were malicious ignorance in him,
Would faint in the belief. *Len.* Do you believe it?

Cat. Do I love *Lentulus*? or pray to see it?

Len. The *Augures* all are constant, I am meant.

Cat. They had lost their science else. *Len.* They count from *Cinna*.

Cat. And *Sylla* next, and so make you the third;
All that can say the Sun is ris'n, must think it.

Len. Men mark me more, of late, as I come forth!

Cat. Why, what can they do less? *Cinna*, and *Sylla*
Are set, and gone: and we must turn our eyes
On him that is, and shines. Noble *Cethegus*,
But view him with me, here! He looks, already,
As if he shook a scepter, o're the *Senate*,
And the aw'd purple dropt their rods, and axes!
The statues melt again; and household-Gods
In groans confess the travail of the city;
The very walls sweat blood before the change;
And stones start out to ruine, ere it comes.

Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle still.

Len. I am your creature, *Sergius*: And what ere
The great *Cornelian* name shall win to be,
It is not *Augury*, nor the *Sybill's* books
But *Catiline* that makes it. *Cat.* I am shadow
To honor'd *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus* here,
Who are the heirs of *Mars*: *Cet.* By *Mars* himself,
Catiline is more my parent: for whose vertue
Earth cannot make a shadow great enough,
Though envy should come too. O, there they are.
Now we shall talk more, though we yet do nothing.

*Auronius, Varganteius, Longinus, Curius, Lecca,
Befia, Fulvius, Gabinus, &c.*

[To them.

Hail *Lucius, Catiline, Var.* Hail noble *Sergius*.

Len. Hail Pub: *Lentulus*. *Cur.* Hail the third *Cornelius*.

Lecc. *Cains, Cethegus* hail. *Cet.* Hail sloth and words.

In stead of men, and spirits. *Cat.* Nay, dear *Caius*—

Cet. Are your eyes yet unfeel'd? Dare they look day
In the full face? *Cat.* Hee's zealous, for the' affair,
And blames your tardy coming, gentlemen.

Cet. Unleis we had fold our selves to sleep, and ease,
And would be our slaves slaves— *Cat.* Pray you forbear.

Cat. The North is not so stark, and cold. *Cat.* *Cathegus*—

Bes. We shall redeem all, if your fire will let us.

Cat. You are too full of lightning, noble *Caius*.
Boy, see all doors be shut, that none approach us,
On this part of the house. Go you, and bid
The Prielt, he kill the slave, I mark'd laft night;
And bring me of his blood, when I shall call him:
Till then, wait all without. *Var.* How is't, *Auronius*!

Aur. *Longinus*? *Lon.* *Curius*? *Cur.* *Lecca*? *Var.* Feel you nothing?

Lon. A strange, un-wonted horror doth invade me,
I know not what it is! *Lec.* The day goes back,
Or else my sensess! *Cur.* As at *Atrens* feast!

Ful. Darkness grows more and more! *Len.* The *vestall* flame, A grove of
I think, be out. *Gab.* What grove was that? *Cet.* Our phant'fies. many peo-
Strike fire, out of our selves, and force a day. under
ground.

Aur. Again it sounds! *Bes.* As all the City gave it!

Cet. We fear what our selves fain. *Var.* What light is this?

Cur. Look forth. *Len.* It still grows greater!

Lec. From whence comes it?

Lon. A bloody arm it is, that holds a pine

Lighted, above the *Capital*! and, now,

It waves unto us! *Cat.* Brave and ominous!

Our enterprize is seal'd. *Cet.* In spight of darkness,

That would discountenance it. Look no more;

We lose time, and our selves. To what we came for,

Speak *Lucius*, we attend you. *Cat.* Noblest *Romans*,

If you were less, or that your faith, and vertue

Did not hold good that title, with your bloud,

I should not, now, unprofitably spend

My self in words, or catch at empty hopes,

By airy wayes, for solid certainties.

But since in many, and the greatest dangers,

I still have known you no less true, than valiant,

And that I tast, in you, the same affections,

To will, or nill, to think things good, or bad,

Alike with me: (which argues your firm friendship)

A darkness
comes over
the place.

A grove of
many peo-
ple is heard
under
ground.

[Another.

A fiery
light ap-
pears.

I dare the boldier, with you, set on foot,
 Or lead, unto this great, and goodliest action.
 What I have thought of it afore, you all
 Have heard apart. I then express'd my zeal
 Unto the glory ; now, the need enflames me :
 When I fore-think the hard conditions,
 Our states must under-go, except, in time,
 We do redeem our selves to liberty,
 And break the iron yoke, forg'd for our necks,
 For, what less can we call it ? when we see
 The common-wealth engros'd so by a few,
 The giants of the state, that do, by turns,
 Enjoy her, and defile her ! All the earth,
 Her Kings and *Tetrarchs*, are their tributaries ;
 People, and nations, pay them hourly stipends :
 The riches of the world flows to their coffers,
 And not to *Romes*. While (but those few) the rest,
 How ever great we are, honest, and valiant,
 Are herded with the vulgar ; and so kept,
 As we were onely bred, to consume corn ;
 Or wear out wool ; to drink the Cities water ;
 Ungrac'd, without authority, or marke ;
 Trembling beneath their rods : to whom, (if all
 Were well in *Rome*) we should come forth bright axes.
 All places, honors, offices are theirs !
 Or where they will confer'hem ! They leave us
 The dangers, the repulses, judgments, wants :
 Which how long will you bear, most valiant spirits ?
 Were we not better to fall, once, with virtue,
 Than draw a wretched, and dishonor'd breath,
 To lose with shame, when these mens pride will laugh ?
 I call the faith of gods and men to question,
 The power is in our hands ; our bodies able ;
 Our minds as strong ; o'th' contrary, in them,
 All things grown aged, with their wealth, and years :
 Their wants, but only to begin the basness,
 The issue is certain. *Cet. Lon.* On, let us go on.

Cat. Bes. Go on, brave *Sergius.* *Cat.* It doth strike my soul,
 (And, who can scape the stroke, that hath a soul,
 Or, but the smallest air of man within him ?)
 To see them swell with treasure ; which they powre
 Out i' their riots, eating, drinking, building,

I, i'the sea ! plaining of hills with valleys ;
And raising vallies above hills ! whilst we
Have not, to give our bodies necessaries.
They ha' their change of houses, manors, lordships ;
VVe scarce a fire, or poor household Law !
They buy rare Attick statuēs, Tyrian hangings,
Ephesian pictures, and Corinthian plate,
Attalick garments, and now, new-found gemms,
Singe Pompey went for Asia, which they purchase
At price of Provinces ! The River Phasis
Cannot afford 'hem fowl ; nor Lucrine lake
Oysters enow : Circē, too, is search'd
To please the witty gluttony of a meal !
Their ancient habitations they neglect,
And set up new ; then, if the echo like not
In such a room, they pluck down thosē, build newer,
Alter them too : and, by all frantick wayes,
Vex their wild wealth, as they molest the people,
From whom they force it ! yet they cannot tame,
Or over-come their riches ! Not by making
Bathes, orchards, fish-pools ! letting in of feas
Here ! and, then there, forcing 'hem out again,
VVith mountainous heaps, for which the earth hath lost
Most of her ribs. as entrails ! being now
VVounded no less for marble, than for gold.
VVe all this while, like calm benumb'd Spectators,
Sit, till our seats do crack ; and do not hear
The thundring ruines : whilst at home, our wants,
Abroad, our debts do urge us ; our states daily
Bending to bad, our hopes to worse : and, what
Is left, but to be crush'd ? VVake, wake brave friends,
And meet the liberty you oft have wish'd for.
Behold, renown, riches, and glory court you.
Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.
Me thinks (though I were dumb) th'affair it self
The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,
VVith the brave spoil the war brings, should invite you.
Use me your general, or souldier : neither,
My mind, nor body shall be wanting to you.
And, being Consul, I not doubt t'effect,
All that you wish, if trust not flatter me,
And you'd not rather still be slaves, than free.

Cer. Free, free. *Lon.* 'Tis freedom. *Cat.* Freedom we all stand for.

Cat. Why, these are noble voices ! Nothing wants then,
But that we take a solemn sacrament,
To strengthen our design. *Cer.* And so to act it.
Differing hurts, where powers are so prepar'd.

Ari. Yet, ere we enter into an open act,
(With favour) 'twere no loss, if't might be enquir'd,
What the condition of these armes would be ?

Var. I, and the means, to carry us through ? *Cat.* How, friends !
Think you, that I would bid you, grasp the wind ?

Or call you to th'embracing of a cloud ?
Put your known valours on to dear a busines,
And have no other second, than the danger,
Nor other gyrlond than the loss ? Become
Your own assurances. And for the means,
Consider, first, the stark security

The common-wealth is in-now ; the whole *Senate*
Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent blow ;
Their forces all abroad ; of which the greatest,
That might annoy us most, is fardest off,
In *Asia*, under *Pompey* : those, near-hand,
Commanded, by our friends ; one army in *Spain*,
By *Cneus Piso* ; th'other in *Mauritania*,
By *Nucerinus* ; both which I have firm,
And fast unto our plot. My self, then, standing
Now to be *Consul* ; with my hop'd Colleague
Caius Antonius ; one, no less engag'd
By his wants, than we : and, whom I'll have power to melt,
And cast in any mould. Beside, some others
That will not yet be nam'd, (both sure, and great ones)
VWho, when the time comes, shall declare themselves,
Strong, for our party : so, that no resistance
In nature can be thought. For our reward, then,
First, all our debts are paid ; dangers of law,
Actions, decrees, judgments against us quitted ;
The rich men, as in *Sylla*'s times, proscrib'd,
And publication made of all their goods ;
That house is yours ; that land is his ; those waters,
Orchards, and walks, a third's ; he has that honor,
And he that office : such a Province falls
To *Vargunteius* ; this to *Anironius* ; that
To bold *Cethegus* ; *Rome* to *Levinius*.

You share the world, her magistracies, priest-hoods,
 VVealth, and felicity amongst you, friends;
 And *Catiline* your servant. VVould you, *Curius*,
 Revenge the contumely stuck upon you,
 In being remov'd from the *Senate*? Now,
 Now, is your time. VVould *Publius Lentulus*
 Strike, for the like disgrace? Now, is his time.
 VVould stout *Longinus* walk the streets of *Rome*,
 Facing the *Prator*? Now, has he a time
 To spurn, and tread the *fasces*, into dirt,
 Made of the usurers, and the *Lictors* brains.
 Is there a beauty, here in *Rome*, you love?
 An enemy you would kill? VVhat head's not yours?
 VVhose wife, which boy, whose daughter, of what race,
 That th'husband, or glad parents shall not bring you,
 And boasting of the office? only, spare
 Your selves, and you have all the earth beside,
 A field, to exercise your longings in.
 I see you rais'd, and read your forward minds.
 High, in your faces. Bring the wine, and bloud
 You have prepar'd there. *Lon.* How! *Cat.* I have kill'd a slave,
 And of his bloud caus'd to be mix'd with wine.
 Fill every man his bowl. There cannot be.
 A fitter drink, to make this *sacracion* in.
 Here, I begin the sacrament to all.
 O, for a clap of thunder, now, as loud,
 As to be heard through-out the universe,
 To tell the world the fact, and to applaud it.
 Be firm, my hand; not shed a drop: but powre
 Fiercenes into me, with it, and fell thirst
 Of more, and more, till *Rome* be left as bloud-less,
 As ever her fears made her, or the sword.
 And when I leave to wish this to thee, step-dame,
 Or Rop, to effect it, with my powers fainting;
 So may my bloud be drawn, and so drunk up
 As is this slaves. *Lon.* And so be mine. *Len.* And mine. [They drink.
Aur. And mine. *Var.* And mine. *Cet.* Swell me my bowl yet fuller.
 Here, I do drink this, as I would do *Cato*'s,
 Or the new fellow *Cicero*'s: with that vow
 VVhich *Catiline* hath given. *Cur.* So do I.
Loc. And I. *Bes.* And I. *Fnl.* And I. *Gab.* And all of us.
Cat. VVhy, now's the busines safe, and each man strengthned,

Sirrah,

Sirrah, what ail you? *Pag.* Nothing. *Bes.* Somewhat modest. *Cat.* Slave, I will strike your Soul out, with my foot, He spies
one of his
boys not an-
swer
Let me find you again with such a face :
You whelp---- *Bes.* Nay, *Lucius.* *Cat.* Are you coying it, one of his
boys not an-
swer
VVhen I command you to be free, and general
To all? *Bes.* You'll be observ'd. *Cat.* Arise, and shew
But any least aversion i' your look
To him that boards you next, and your throat opens.

Noble confederates, thus far is perfect.
Only your suffrages I will expect,
At the assembly for the chooling *Consuls*,
And all the voices you can make by friends
To my election. Then, let me work out
Your fortunes, and mine own. Mean while, all rest
Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts
Have bound up brooks, and rivers, forc'd wild beasts
Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
Clowns to their houses, and the countrey sleeps :
That when the sudden thaw comes, we may break
Upon 'hem like a deluge, bearing down
Half *Rome* before us, and invade the rest
VVith cryes, and noise able to wake the urnes
Of thole are dead, and make the ashes fear,
The horrors, that do strike the world, should come
Loud, and unlook'd for : till they strike, be dumb.

Cat. Oraculous *Sergius* ! *Len.* God-like *Catiline* !

Chorus.

Can nothing great, and at the height
Remain so long? but it's own weight
VVill ruine it? Or is't blind chance,
That still desires new states t' advance,
And quit the old? Else, why must *Rome*,
Be by it self; now, over-come?
Hath she not foes now of those,
Whom she hath made such, and enclose
Her round about? Or, are they none,
Except she first become her own?
O wretchedness of greatest states,
To be obnoxious to these fates:

That

That cannot keep, what they do gain ;
 And what they raise, so ill sustain !
 Rome, now, is Mistress of the whole
 World, sea, and land, to either pole ;
 And even that fortune will destroy
 The power that made it : (she doth joy
 So much in plenty, wealth, and ease,
 As, now, th' excess is per disease.
 She builds in gold ; and, to the stars ;
 As, if she threatened heav'n with wars :
 And seeks for hell, in quarries deep,
 Giving the fiends, that there do keep,
 A hope of day. Her women wear
 The spoils of nations, in an ear,
 Chang'd for the treasure of a shell ;
 And in their loose attires, do swell
 More light than Sails, when all winds play :
 Yet, are the men more loose, than they !
 More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rnb'd, and trim'd,
 More sleek'd, more soft, and slacker limb'd ;
 As, profisstors : so much, that kind
 May seek it self there, and not find.
 They eat on beds of silk, and gold ;
 At Ivory tables ; or, wood sold
 Dearer, than it : and, leaving plate,
 Do drink in ston of higher rate.
 They hunt all grounds ; and draw all seas ;
 Foul every brook, and bush ; to please
 Their wanton tasts : and, in request
 Have new, and rare things ; not the best !
 Hence comes that wild, and vast expence,
 That hath enforc'd Romes vertue, thence,
 Which Simple poverty first made :
 And, now, ambition doth invade,
 Her state, with eating avarice,
 Riot, and every other vice.
 Decrees are bought, and laws are sold,
 Honors, and offices for gold ;
 The peoples voices ; and the free
 Tongues, in the Senate, bribed be.
 Such ruine of her manners Rome
 Doth suffer now, as she's become

(Without

(Without the Gods it soon gain-say,
Both her own spoiler, and own prey.

So Alia, 'art thou crull'y ev'n
With us, for all the blows thee given ?
When we, whose vertue conquer'd thee,
Thus, by thy vices, ruin'd be.

Act II.

Fulvia, Galla, Servant.

THose rooms do smell extremely. Bring my glass,
And table hither. *Galla*. *Gal.* Madam. *Ful.* Look
Within, i'm blew cabiner, for the pearl
I had sent me last, and bring it. *Gal.* That from *Clodius* ?
Ful. From *Caius Cesar*. You're for *Clodius*, still.
Or *Curius*. Sirrs, if *Quintus Curius* come,
I am not in fit mood ; I keep my chamber :
Give warning so, without. *Gal.* Is this it ? Madam.

Ful. Yer, help to hang it in mine ear. *Gal.* Believe
It is a rich one, madam. *Ful.* I hope so :
It should not be worn there else. Make an en',
And bind my hair up. *Gal.* As 'twas yesterday ?

Ful. No, nor the t'other day. VVhen knew you me,
Appear, two dayes together, in one dressing ?

Gal. VVill you ha't i'the globe, or spire ? *Ful.* How thou wilt ;
Any way, so thou wilt do it, good impertinence.
Thy company, if I slept not very well

A nights, would make me, an errant fool, with questions.

Gal. Alas, madam---- *Ful.* Nay, gentle half o'the dialogue, cease.

Ful. I do it, indeed, but for your exercife,
As your Phylician bids me. *Ful.* How ! Do's he bid you
To anger me for exercife ? *Gal.* Not to anger you,
But stir your bloud a little : There's difference
Between luke-warm, and boylng, madam. *Ful.* Jove !
She means to cook me, I think ? Pray you, ha'done.

Gal. I mean to drels you, madam. *Ful.* O, my *Juno* !
Be friend to me ! Offring at wit, too ? VVhy, *Galla* !
VVhere hast thou been ? *Gal.* VVhy, madam ! *Ful.* VVhat hast thou done
VVith thy poor innocent self ? *Gal.* VVherefore ? sweet madam !

Ful.

Ful. Thus to come forth, so sodainly, a wit-worm?

Gal. It pleases you to flout one. I did dream

Of lady *Sempronina* — *Ful.* O, the wonder is out.

That did infect thee? Well, and how? *Gal.* Me thought,

She did discourse the belt — *Ful.* That ever thou heard'lt?

Gal. Yes. *Ful.* I'thy sleep? Of what was her discourse?

Gal. O' the *Republike*, madam, and the state,

And how she was in debt, and where she meant

To raise fresh sums: She's a great states-woman!

Ful. Thou dream'lt all this? *Gal.* No, but you know she is, [Madam],

And both a mistress of the *latine* tongue,

And of the *greek*. *Ful.* I, but I never dreamt it, *Galla*,

As thou hast done, and therefore you must pardon me.

Gal. Indeed, you mock me, madam. *Ful.* Indeed, no.

Forth, with your learned lady. She has a wit, too?

Gal. A very masculine one. *Ful.* A she-Critick, *Galla*?

And can compose, in verse, and make quick jests,

Modest, or otherwise? *Gal.* Yes, madam. *Ful.* She can sing, too?

And play on instruments? *Gal.* Of all kinds, they say.

Ful. And doth dance rarely? *Gal.* Excellent! So, well,

As a bald *Senator* made a jest, and said,

'Twas better, than an honest woman need.

Ful. Tut, she may bear that. Few wife womens honesties

Will do their courtship hurt. *Gal.* She's liberal too, Madam.

Ful. What! of her money, or her honor, pray thee?

Gal. Of both, you know not which she doth spare least.

Ful. A comely commendation. *Gal.* Troth, 'tis pity,

She is in years. *Ful.* Why, *Galla*? For it is.

Ful. O, is that all? I thought thou'hadst had a reason.

Gal. VVhy, so I have. She has been a fine Lady,

And, yet, she dresses her self (except you, Madam)

One o'the best in *Rome*: and paints, and hides

Her decays very well. *Ful.* They say, it is

Rather a visor, than a face she wears.

Gal. They wrong her verily, Madam, she do's *greek*

With crumbs of bread, and milk, and lies a nights

In as neat gloves — But she is fain of late

To seek more, than she's sought to (the fame is)

And so spends that way. *Ful.* Thou know'lt all! But, *Galla*,

What say you to *Catiline's* Lady, *Orestilla*?

There is the gallant! *Gal.* She do's well. She has

Very good futes, and very rich: but, then,

She cannot put 'hem on. She knows not how
To wear a garment. You shall have her all
Jewels and gold sometimes, so that her self
Appears the least part of her self. No' in troth,
As I live, Madam, you put 'hem all down
With your meer strength of judgment ! and do draw, too,
The world of *Rome* to follow you ! you attire
Your self so diversly ! and with that spirit !
Still to the noblest humors ! They could make
Love to your drefs, altho'g thy face wear away, they say.

Ful. And body too, and ha' the better march off ?
Say they not so too, *Galla* ? Now ! What news
Travailes your count'rance with ? *Ser.* If't please you, Madam,
The Lady *Sempronius* is lighted at the gate ;
Gal. *Cæsor*, my dream, my dream. *Ser.* And comes to see you,
Gal. For *Venus* sake, good Madam see her. *Ful.* Peace,
The fool is wild, I think. *Gal.* And hear her talk,
Sweet Madam, of state-matters, and the Senate.

Sempronius, Fulvia, Galla.

Fulvia, good wench, how dost thou ? *Ful.* Well, *Sempronius*,
Whither are you thus early address'd ? *Sem.* To see
Aurelia Orestilla. She sent for me.
I came to call thee, with me, wilt thou go ?

Ful. I cannot now, in troth, I have some letters
To write, and send away. *Sem.* Alas, I pity thee.
I ha' been writing all this night (and am
So very weary) unto all the tribes.
And centuries, for their voices, to help *Catiline*,
In his election. We shal make him *Consul*,
I hope, amongst us. *Cæsarius*, I, and *Cæsar*
Will carry it for him. *Ful.* Do's he stand for't ?

Sem. He's the chief Candidate. *Ful.* Who stands beside ?
(Give me some wine, and poulder for my teeth.

Sem. Here's a good pearl in troth ! *Ful.* A pretty one.

Sem. A very orient one ! There are competitors,
Caius Antonius, *Publius Galba*, *Lucius*
Cassius Longinus, *Quintus Cornificius*,
Caius Licius, and that talker, *Cicero*.
But *Catiline*, and *Antonius* will be chosen.
For four o' the other, *Licius*, *Longinus*,

Galba,

Galba, and *Cornificius* will give way.

And *Cicero* they will not choose. *Ful.* No? why?

Sem. It will be cross'd, by the nobility.

Gal. (How she do's understand the common busness!)

Sem. Nor, were it fit. He is but a new fellow,
An in-mate, here, in *Rome* (as *Catiline* calls him)

And the *Patricians* should do very ill,

To let the *Consul-ship* be so defil'd

As't would be, if he obtain'd it! A meer upstart,

That has no pedigree, no house, no coat,

No ensigns of a family? *Ful.* He has virtue.

Sem. Hang vertue, where there is no bloud: 'tis vice,

And, in him, saucinels. Why should he presume

To be more learned, or more eloquent,

Than the nobility? or boast any quality

Worthy a noble man, himself not noble?

Ful. 'Twas vertue onely, at first, made all men noble.

Sem. I yeild you, it might, at first, in *Romes* poor age;

When both her Kings, and *Consuls* held the plough,

Or garden'd well: But, now, we ha' no need,

To digg, or lose our sweat for't. We have wealth,

Fortune and ease, and then their stock, to spend on,

Of name, for vertue; which will bear us out

'Gainst all new commers: and can never fail us,

While the succession stays. And, must we gloriſie,

A mushroom? one of yesterday? a fine speaker?

'Cause he has suck'd at *Athens*? and advance him,

To our own loss? No, *Fulvia*. There are they

Can speak greek too, if need were. *Cesar*, and I,

Have set upon him; so hath *Craffus*, too:

And others. We have all decreed his reit,

For rising farder. *Gal.* Excellent rare Lady!

Ful. *Sempronias*, you are beholden to my woman, here.

She do's admire you. *Sem.* O good *Galla*, how doſt thou?

Gal. The better, for your learned Ladyſhip.

Sem. Is this grey poulder, a good dentifrice?

Ful. You ſee I uſe it. *Sem.* I have one is whiter.

Ful. It may be ſo. *Sem.* Yet this ſmells well, *Gal.* And cleaſes

Very well, Madam, and reſiſts the crudities.

Sem. *Fulvia*, I pray thee, who comes to thee, now?

Which of our great *Patricians*? *Ful.* Faith, I keep

No catalogue of 'hem. Sometimes I have one,

Sometimes another, as the toy takes their blouds.

Sem. Thou hast them all. Faith, when was *Quintus Curius*,
Thy special servant, here? *Ful.* My special servant?

Sem. Yes, thy Idolater, I call him. *Ful.* He may be yours,
If you do like him. *Sem.* How! *Ful.* He comes, not, here,
I have forbid him, hence. *Sem.* *Venus* forbid!

Ful. Why? *Sem.* Your so constant lover. *Ful.* So much the
I would have change. So would you too, I am sure.
And now you may have him. *Sem.* He's fresh yet, *Fulvia*:
Beware, how you do tempt me. *Ful.* Faith, for me,
He's somewhat too fresh, indeed. The salt is gone,
That gave him season. His good gifts are done.
He do's not yeild the crop that he was wont.
And, for the aſt, I can have ſecret fellows,
With backs worth ten of him, and ſhall please me
(Now that the land is fled) a myriade better.

Sem. And those one may command. *Ful.* 'Tis true: these Lordings,
Your noble *Fauns*, they are ſo imperious, ſaucy,
Rude, and as boiſtrous as *Centuares*, leaping
A Lady, at firſt ſight. *Sem.* And muſt be born
Both with, and out, they think. *Ful.* Tut, Ile obſerve
None of 'hem all: nor humour 'hem a jot
Longer, than they come laden in the hand,
And ſay, here's t'one, for th'toſter. *Sem.* Do's *Caſar* give well?

Ful. They ſhall all give, and pay well, that come here,
If they will have it: and that jewels, pearl,
Plate, or round ſums, to buy theſe. I am not taken
With a cobſwan, or a high-mounting bull,
As foolish *Leda*, and *Europa* were,
But the bright gold, with *Danae*. For ſuch price,
I would endure, a rough, harsh *Jupiter*,
Or ten ſuch thundring gamſters: and refrain
To laugh at 'hem, till they are gone, with my much ſuffering.

Sem. Th'art a moſt bahpy wencl, that thus canſt make
Uſe of thy youth, and freſhneſs, in the ſeafon:
And haſt, it to make uſe of. *Ful.* (Which is the haſpeneſs.)

Sem. I am, now, fain to give to them, and keep
Muſick, and a continual table; to invite 'hem;

Ful. (Yes, and they ſtudy your kitchin, more than you)

Sem. Eat my ſelf out with uſury, and my Lord too,
And all my officers, and friends beside,
To procure moneys, for the needful charge.

I must be at, to have 'hem : and, yet, scarce
Can I achieve 'hem, so. *Ful.* Why, that's because
You affect young faces only, and smooth chins,
Sempronius. If you'd love beards, and bristles,
(One with another, as others do), or wrinkles —

Who's that ! Look *Galla.* *Gal.* 'Tis the party, Madam.

Ful. What party ? Has he no name ? *Gal.* 'Tis *Quintus Curius.*

Ful. Did I not bid 'hem, say, I kept my chamber ?

Gal. Why, so they do. *Sem.* He leave you, *Fulvia.*

Ful. Nay, good *Sempronius*, stay. *Sem.* In faith, I will not.

Ful. By *Juno*, I would not see him. *Sem.* He not hinder you.

Gal. You know he will not be kept out, Madam. *Sem.* No,
Nor shall not, carefull *Galla*, by my means.

Ful. As I do live, *Sempronius* — *Sem.* What needs this ?

Ful. Go, say, I am a-sleep, and ill at ease.

Sem. By *Cæsar*, no, I'll tell him, you are awake ;
And very well. Stay *Galla* ; Farewell *Fulvia* :
I know my manners. Why do you labour, thus,
With action, against purpose ? *Quintus Curius.*
She is, I faith, here, and in disposition.

Ful. Spight, with your courtesie ! How shall I be tortur'd !

Curius, Fulvia, Galla.

WHere are you, fair one, that conceal your self,
And keep your beauty, within locks and bars, here,
Like a fools treasure ? *Ful.* True, she was a fool,
When, first, she shew'd it to a thief. *Cur.* How, pretty sullenness !
So harsh, and short ? *Ful.* The fools artillery, Sir.

Cur. Then, take my gown off, for th'encounter. *Ful.* Stay Sir.
I am not in the mood. *Cur.* I'll put you into't.

Ful. Best put your self, i' your case again, and keep
Your furious appetite warm, against you have place for't.

Cur. What do you coy it ? *Ful.* No Sir. I am not proud.

Cur. I would you were. You think, this state becomes you ?

By *Hercules*, it do's not. Look i'your glafs, now,

And see, how scutvily that countenance shews ;

You would be loth to own it. *Ful.* I shall not chang it.

Cur. Faith, but you must ; and slack this bended brow ;

And shoot less scorn : there is a fortune coming

Towards you, Dainty, that will take thee, thus,

And set thee aloft, to tread upon the head.

Of her own statue, here, in *Rome*. *Ful.* I wonder, who us'd or good farr? Who let this promiser in? Did you, good diligence? or leaste evill and Give him his bribe, again. Or if you had none, Pray you demand him, why he is so ventrous, To press, thus, to my chamber, being forbidden, Both, by my self, and servants? *Cur.* How! This's handson! And somewhat a new straen! *Ful.* 'Tis not straen, Sir. Every man 's 'Tis very natural. *Cur.* I have known it otherwise; of his son, *Lucius*. And Between the parties, though. *Ful.* For your fore-knowledge, Thank that, which made it. It will not be so, Hereafter, I assure you. *Cur.* No, my Mistris?

Ful. No, though you bring the same materials. *Cur.* Hear me, You over-act when you should under-do. A little call your self again, and think. If you do this to practice on me, or find At what forc'd distane you can hold your servant; That it be an artificial trick, to entame, And fire me more, fearing my love may need it, As, heretofore, you ha' done: why, proceed.

Ful. As I ha' done heretofore? *Cur.* Yes, when you'd fain Your husbands jeftolle, your servant watches, Speak softly, and run often to the dore, Or to the window, form strange fears that were not; As if the pleasure were less acceptable,

That were secure. *Ful.* You are an impudent fellow, by an wile.

Cur. And, when you might better have done it, at the gate, To take me in at the casement. *Ful.* I take you in?

Cur. Yes, you my Lady. And, then, being a-bed with you, To have your well taught waiter, here, come running, And cry, her Lord, and hide me without cause, Crush'd in a chest, or thrust up in a chimney. When he, tame crow, was winking at his farm; Or, had he been here, and present, would have kept Both eyes, and beak seal'd up, for six *Jefferees*.

Ful. You have a slanderous, beatty, unwash'd tongue, I'your rude month, and favouring your self, fool. Un-manner'd Lord. *Cur.* How now? *Ful.* It is your title, Sir, Who (since you ha' lost your own good name, and know not What to lose more) care not, whose honor you wound, Or fame' you poison with it. You should go, And vent your self, i'th' the region, where you live, Among the suburb-brothels, bawds, and brokers,

Whither

Whither your broken fortunes have design'd you.

Cur. Nay, then I must stop your fury, and pluck
The tragick visor off. Come, *Lady Cyprian*,

[He offers to force her, and she draws her Kniffe.]

Know your own vertues, quickly. He not be
Put to the wooing of you thus, a-treach'ry.

At every turn, for all the *Wives* in you,

Yield, and be pliant; or by *Pollax* — How now?

Will *Lais* turn a *Lucrece*? *Ful.* No, but by *Cæsar*,

Hold off your ravishers hands, I pierce your heart, else,

He not be put to kill my self, as *she* did. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

For you, sweet *Tarquin*. What? do you fall of me? Showed me? O

Nay, it becomes you graciously! Put not up, with your glass, even in the

You'll sooner draw your weapon on me, I think, than on the *Senate*.

Than on the *Senate*, who have call'd you forth.

Disgracefully, to be the common *ta'g* in all this *city* of *Rome*.

Of the whole city; base, infamous man to govern us sinners in the

For, were you other, you would these employ,

Your desperate dagger. *Cur.* *Fulvia*, you do know

The strengths you have upon me, do not use.

Your power too like a tyran: I can bear,

Almost until you break me. *Ful.* I do know, Sir,

So do's the *Senate*, too, know you can bear.

Cur. By all the Gods, that *Senate* will smart deep,

For your upbraidings. I should be right sorry

To have the means so to be veng'd on you,

(At least, the will) as I shall shortly on them.

But go you on still; fare you well, dear *Lady*:

You could not fall before, unless you were proud.

You will repent these moods, and ere'the long, too;

I shall ha' you come about again. *Ful.* Do you think so?

Cur. Yes, and I know so. *Ful.* By what angry?

Cur. By the fair entrails of the matrons' cheeks,

Gold, pearl, and jewels, here in *Rome*, which *Fulvia*

Will then (but late) say that she might have shad':

And grieving, mis. *Ful.* Tis all your promised mountains,

And seas, I am so stalely acquainted with.

Cur. But, when you see the universal flood

Run by your coffers; that my Lords, the *Senators*,

Are sold for slaves, their wives for bond-women,

Their houses, and fine gardens given away,

And all their goods, under the spear, at out cry,

And

And you have none of this; but are still *Falvia*,
Or perhaps less, while you are thinking of it:
You will advise then, *Coiness* with your cushion,
And look o' your fingers, say, how you were wish'd;
And so, he left you. *Ful.* Call him again, *Galla*:
This is not usual! somthing hangs on this
That I must win out of him. *Cur.* How now, melt you?

Ful. Come, you will laugh, now, at my easiness!
But 'tis no miracle: Doves, they say, will bill,
After their pecking, and their murmuring. *Cur.* Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would have my love
Angry, somtimes, to sweeten off the reyn
Of her behaviour. *Ful.* You do see, I study
How I may please you, then. But you think, *Curius*,
'Tis covetise hath wrought me: if you love me,
Chang that unkind conceit. *Cur.* By my lov'd soul,
I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my study,
More than mine own reveng, to make thee happy.

Ful. And 'tis that just reveng doth make me happy
To hear you prosecute: and which, indeed,
Hath won me, to you, more, than all the hope
Of what can else be promis'd. I love valour
Better, than any Lady loves her face,
Or dressing: than my self do's. Let me grow
Still, where I do embrace! But, what good means
Ha' you t'effect it? Shall I know your project?

Cur. Thou shalt, if thou'l be gracious. *Ful.* As I can be,
Cur. And wilt thou kiss me, then? *Ful.* As close as shells
Of cockles meet. *Cur.* And print hem deep? *Ful.* Quite through
Our subtle lips. *Cur.* And often? *Ful.* I will sowl hem,
Faster, than you can reap. What is your plot?

Cur. Why, now my *Fulvia* looks, like her bright name!
And is her self! *Ful.* Nay, answer me, your plot:
I pray thee tell me, *Quintus*. *Cur.* I, these sounds
Become a Mistress: *Hero* is her name! She kisses and batters him along still.
When you are harshly I see, the way to bend you
Is not with violence, but service. *Cruel*,
A Lady is a fire: gentle, a light.

Ful. Will you not tell me, what I ask you? *Cur.* All,
That I can think, sweet love, or my breast holds,
Ile poure into thee. *Ful.* What is your design, then?

Chy.

Cat. He tell the ; Catiline shall now be Consull :
 But, you will hear more, shortly. Fst. Nay, my dear love —

Cat. He speak it, in thine armes, let us go in.

Rome will be sack'd, her wealth will be our prize ;
 By publique ruine, private-spirits must rise.

Chorus.

Great father Mars, and greater Jove,
 By whose high auspice, Rome hath stood
 So long ; and, first, was built in blood
 Of your great nephew, that then strove
 Not with his brother, but your rites :
 Be present to her now, as then,
 And let not proud, and factious men
 Against your wills oppose their mights.
 Our Consuls, now, are to be made ;
 O, put it in the publique voice,
 To make a free and worthy choice ;
 Excluding such as would invade
 The common wealth. Let whom we name
 Have wisdom, fore-sight, fortitude,
 Be more with faith, than face endu'd,
 And study conscience, above fame.
 Such, as not seek to get the start
 In state, by power, parts, or bribes,
 Ambition's bawds : but move the tribes
 By vertue, modesty, desert,
 Such as to justice will adhere,
 VVhat ever great one it offend :
 And from the embrac'd truth not bend
 For envy, hatred, gifts, or fear.
 That, by their deeds, will make it known,
 Whose dignity they do sustain ;
 And life, state, glory, all they gain,
 Cannot the republique's, not their own.
 Such the old Brutus, Decii were,
 The Cipi, Curtii, who did groe
 Themselves for Rome : and would not live,
 As men, good, only for a year.

Such were the great Camilli too ;
 The Fabii, Scipio's ; that still thought
 No work, at price enough, was bought,
 That for their country they could do.
 And to her honor, so did knit ;
 As all their acts were understood,
 To be sinews of the publicque good :
 And they themselves, one soul, with it.
 These men were truly magistrates ;
 These neither practic'd force, nor forms ;
 Nor did they leave the helms in storms !
 And such they are make happy states.

ACT III.

Cicero, Cato, Catulus, Antonius, Crassus, Cesar, Chorus.
 Editors.

Great honors are great burdens : but, on whom,
 They're cast with envy, he doth bear two loads :
 His cares must still be double to his joys.
 In any dignity ; where, if he err
 He finds no pardon : and, for doing well
 A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.
 I speak this, Romans, knowing what the weight
 Of the high charge, you 'have trusted to me, is.
 Not, that thereby I would with art decline
 The good, or greatness of your benefits :
 For, I ascribe it to your singular grace,
 And vow, to owe it to no title else,
 Except the Gods, that Cicero^{is} your Consul.
 I have no urns ; no dusty monuments ;
 No broken images of ancestors
 Wanting an ear, or nose ; no forged tables
 Of long descents ; to boast false honors from
 Or be my under-takers to your trust.
 But a new man (as I am stil'd in Rome)
 Whom you have dignified ; and more in whom
 Yo'have cut a way, and left it ope for vertue
 Hereafter, to that place : which our great men

Held shut up, with all ramparts, for themselves
Nor have but few of them, in time been made
Your *Consuls*, so ; new men, before me, none :
At my first suit, in my just year ; prefer'd
To all competitors ; and some the noblett—

Ces. Now the vein swells ! *Ces.* Up glory. *Cic.* And to have
Your loud consents, for your own bliter'd voices ;
Not silent books : nor for the meaner tribes,
But first, and last, the universal concourse !
This is my joy, my gladness. But my care,
My industry, and vigilance now must work,
That still your counsels of me be approv'd ;
Both, by your selves, and those, to whom you have,
With grudge, prefer'd me : two things I must labour,
That neither they upbraid, nor you repeat you.
For every lasp of mine will, now, be call'd
Your error, if I make such. But, my hope is, so
So to bear through, and out, the *Consul-ship*,
As spight shall ne're wound you, though it may me.
And, for my self, I have prepar'd this strength,
To do so well ; as, if there happen ill
Unto me, it shall make the gods to blush : or, if ill
And be their crime, not mine, that I am envy'd.

Ces. O confidence ! more new, than is the man !

Cic. I know well, in what terms I do receive
The common-wealth, how vexed, how perplex'd :
In which, there's not that mischief, or ill-fate,
That good men fear not, wicked men expect not.
I know, beside, some turbulent practises
Already on foot, and rumors of more dangers—

Ces. Or you will make them, if there be none. *Cic.* Last,
I know, 'twas this, which made the envy, and pride
Of the great *Roman* blood, hate, and give way
To my election. *Cato. Marcus Tullius*, true ;
Our need made thee our *Consul*, and thy virtue.

Ces. Cato, you will un-do him with your praise.

Cato. Ceser will hurt himself, with his own envy.

Chor. The voice of *Cesa* is the voice of *Rome*.

Cato. The voice of *Rome* is the consent of heaven !
And that hath plac'd thee, *Cicero*, at the helm,
Where thou must render, now, thy self-a man,
And master of thy art. Each petty hand

Can steer a ship becalmed; but he that will pilot her driv'n age and blast
 Govern, and carry her to her ends, must know his course, and where to go.
 His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails; what to do with
 What she will bear in toul, what in fair weathers;
 Where her springs are, her leaks; and how to stop 'em; what to do with
 What sands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her; what to do with
 The forces, and the natures of all winds, what to do with the sun and moon;
 Gulls, storms, and tempests; when her keel ploughs hell,
 And deck knocks heaven: then, to manage her, what to do with
 Becomes the name, and office of a pilot.

Cic. Which I'll perform, with all the diligence, this, yester'day
 And fortitude I have, not for my year, or to elate me, though this must
 But for my life; except my life be lost, else has it no value to be lost.
 And that my year conclude it: if it must, am bounde by my word to do it.
 Your will, lov'd Gods. This heart shall yet employ
 A day, an hour is left me, so, for *Rome*, to live and die for her.
 As it shall spring a life, out of my dead body, when I am gone,
 To shine, for ever glorious in her face, with one hue dignitie and grace.
 The vicious count their years; virtuous theirs.

Chor. Most noble *Consul*! Let us watch him home.

Ces. Most popular *Consul* he is grown, methinks!

Cra. How the rout cling to him! *Ces.* And *Cato* leads 'em!

Cra. You his colleague, *Agricola*, are not look'd on as a noble man.

Ant. Not I, nor do I care. *Ces.* He enjoys rest, his O
 And ease, the while. Let th' othes' spirit wolly in ill or wond I
 And wake it out, that was inspir'd for turmoil, when nothing is still.

Cato. If all reports be true, yet, *Cains Caesar*, son of *Julius*, will want
 The time hath need of such a watch, and spirit.

Ces. Reports? Do you believ' them *Cato*, or not, whilst you're at it?
 Why, he do's make, and breed 'em for the people, as doth no where. A
 Tendear his service to 'em. Do you not take in ill now? O
 An art, that is so common? Popular they are, doth not every man? O
 They must create strange monstros, and then quell 'em; a passing out, O
 To make their arts seem somthing. Would you have
 Such an *Herculean* actor, in the scene? A wise man, and a good man, O
 And not his *Hydra*? They must swear nobly, as they say, O
 To fit their properties, than express their pants; and how wondrous?

Cra. Treasons, and guilty men, are made in states, too often, O
 Too oft, to dignifie the magistrates.

Cato. Those states be wretched, that are forc'd to buy
 Their rulers fame, with their own infamy, on their shoulders, O
Cra. We therefore, should provide, that ours do not.

Ces.

Ces. That will *Antonius* make his care. *Ant.* I shall.

Ces. And watch the watcher. *Catu.* Here comes *Catiline*.

How do's he brook his late repulse? *Ces.* I know not.
But hardly sure. *Cat.* *Longinus*, too, did stand?

Ces. At first: but he gave way unto his friend.

Catu. Who's that come? *Lentulus?* *Ces.* Yes. He is again
Taken into the *Senate*. *Ant.* And made *Praetor*.

Cat. I know't. He had my suffrage, next the *Consuls*;

Ces. True, you were there, Prince of the *Senate*, then.

Catiline, Antonius, Catulus, Casar, Crassus, Longinus,
Lentulus.

Hail noblest *Romans*. The most worthy *Consul*,
I gratulate your honor. *Ant.* I could wish
It had been happier, by your fellowship,
Most noble *Sergius*, had it pleas'd the people.

Catu. It did not please the Gods; who instruct the people:
And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.
They know what's fitter for us, than our selves;
And 'twere impiety, to think against them.

Catu. You bear it rightly, *Lucius*; and, it glads me,
To find your thoughts so even. *Catu.* I shall still
Study to make them such to *Rome*, and heaven.
(I would withdraw with you, a little, *Julius*.

Ces. Ile come home to you: *Crassus* would not ha' you
To speak to him, 'fore *Quintus Catulus*.

Catu. I apprehend you.) No, when they shall judg
Honors convenient for me, I shal have 'em,
With a full hand: I know it. In mean time,
They are no les part of the common-wealth,
That do obey, than those, that do command.

Catu. O, let me kis your fore-head, *Lucius*.
How are you wrong'd! *Catu.* By whom? *Catu.* Publike report.
That gives you out, to stomack your repulse;
And brook it deadly. *Catu.* Sir, she brooks not me.
Believe me rather, and your self, now, of me:
It is a kind of slander, to trust rumour.

Catu. I know it. And I could be angry with it.

Catu. So may not I. Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

Catu.

Cat. Most noble *Sergius*! This your temper melts me.

Cra. Will you do office to the *Consul*, *Quintus*?

Cat. Which *Cato*, and the rōut have done the other?

Cat. I wait, when he will go. Be still your self.

He wants no state, or honors, that hath vertue,

Cat. Did I appear so tame, as this man thinks me?

Look'd I so poor? So dead? So like that nothing,

Which he calls vertuous? O my breast, break quickly;

And shew my friends my in-parts, lest they think

I have betray'd 'em. (*Lon.* Where's *Gabinus*? *Len.* Gone.)

Lon. And *Vargunteius*? *Len.* Slipt away; all shrunk:

Now that he mist the *Consul-ship*.) *Cat.* I am

The scorn of bond-men; who are next to beasts.

What can I worse pronounce my self, that's fitter?

The Owl of *Rome*, whom boys and girles will hout!

That were I set Ip, for that wooden God,

That keeps our gardens, could not fright the crows,

Or the least bird from munting on my head.

(*Lon.* 'Tis strange how he should miss it. *Len.* Is't not stranger,

The upstart *Cicero* should carry it so,

By all consents, from men so much his masters?

Lon. 'Tis true.) *Cat.* To what a shadow, I am melted!

(*Lon.* *Antonius* wan it but by some few voices.)

Cat. Struck through, like air, and feel it not. My wounds

Close faster, than they're made. (*Lon.* The whole design,

And enterprise is lost by't. All hands quit it,

Upon his fail.) *Cat.* I grow mad at my patience.

It is a visor that hath poison'd me.

Would it had burnt me up, and I died inward:

My heart first turn'd to ashes. (*Lon.* Here's *Cethegus* yet.)

Catiline, Cethegus, Lomulus, Longinus, Cato.

REpulse upon repulse? An in-mate, *Consul*?

That I could reach the axell, where the pins are,

Which bolt this frame; that I might pull 'em out,

And pluck all into *chaos*, with my self.

Cet. What, are we wishing now? *Cat.* Yes, my *Cethegus*.

Who would not fall with all the world about him?

Cet. Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls;

And force new nature out, to make another.

These

These wishings tast of woman, not of *Roman*.

Let us seek other arms. *Cato*. What should we do?

Cet. Do, and not wish ; something, that wishes take not :
So sudden, as the gods should not prevent,
No scarce have time, to fear. *Cato*. O noble *Caius* !

Cet. It likes me better, that you are not *Consul*.
I would not go through open doors, but break 'hem ;
Swim to my ends, through blood ; or build a bridge
Of carcases ; make on, upon the heads
Of men, struck down, like piles ; to reach the lives
Of thole remain, and stand : Then is't a prey,
When danger stops, and ruine makes the way.

Cato. How thou dost utter me, brave soul, that may not,
At all times, shew such as I am ; but bend
Unto occasion ? *Lentulus*, this man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down new,
Out of the hand of *Jove* ; and rivet him
To *Cæcasus*, should he but frown : and let
His own gaunt Eagle fly at him, to tire.

Len. Peace, here comes *Cato*. *Cato*. Let him come, and hear,
I will no more dissemble. Quit us all ;
I, and my lov'd *Cæhegus* here, alone
Will undertake this giants war, and carry it.

Len. What needs this, *Lucius* ? *Len.* *Sergius*, be more wary.
Cato. Now, *Marcus Cato*, our new *Consul*'s spy,
What is your soure austerity sent t'explore.

Cato. Nothing in thee, licentious *Catiline* :
Halters, and racks cannot express from thee
More, than thy deeds. 'Tis only judgment waits thee.

Cato. Whose? *Cato*'s? shall he judge me ? *Cato*. No, the gods ;
VVho, ever, follow those, they go not with :
And *Senate* ; who, with fire, must purge sick *Rome*
Of noisome citizens, whereof thou art one.
Be gone, or else let me. 'Tis bane to draw

The same air with thee. *Cet.* Strike him. *Len.* Hold, good *Caius* ;

Cet. Fear't thou not, *Cato*? *Cato*. Rash *Cæhegus*, no.
'Twere wrong with *Rome*, when *Catiline* and thol'st
Do threat, if *Cato* fear'd. *Cato*. The fire you speak of
If any flame of it approach my fortunes,
Ile quench it, not with water, but with ruine.

Cato. You hear this, *Romans*. *Cato*. Bear it to the *Consul*.

Cet. I would have sent away his soul, before him.

You are too heavy, *Lentulus*, and remiss;
 It is for you we labour, and the kingdom
 Promis'd you by the *Sybill's*. *Cat.* Which his *Praetor-ship*,
 And some small flattery of the *Senate* more,
 Will make him to forget. *Len.* You wrong me, *Lucius*.

Len. He will not need these spurs. *Cat.* The action needs 'hem.
 These things, when they proceed not, they go backward.

Len. Let us consult then. *Cat.* Let us, first, take arms.
 They that deny us just things, now, will give
 All that we ask; if once they see our swords.

Cat. Our objects must be sought with wounds, not words.

Cicero, Fulvia.

IS there a heaven? and gods? and can it be!
 They should so slowly hear, so slowly see!
 Hath *Jove* no thunder? or is *Jove* become
 Stupid as thou art? O near-wretched *Rome*,
 When both thy *Senate*, and thy gods do sleep,
 And neither thine, nor thine own states do keep!
 What will awake thee, heaven? what can excite
 Thine anger, if this practice be too light?
 His former drifts partake of former times,
 But this last plot was only *Catilines*.
 O, that it were his last. But he, before
 Hath safely done so much, he'll still dare more.
 Ambition, like a torrent, ne're looks back;
 And is a swelling, and the last affection
 A high mind can put off: being both a rebel
 Unto the foul, and reason, and enforceth
 All laws, all conscience, treads upon religion,
 And offereth violence to natures self.
 But, here, is that transcends it! A black purpose
 To confound nature: and to ruine that,
 Which never age, nor mankind can repair!
 Sit down, good Lady; *Cicero* is lost,
 In this your fable: for, to think it true
 Tempreth my reason. It so far exceeds
 All insolent fictions of the tragick *scene*!
 The common-wealth, yet panting, under-neath
 The stripes, and wounds of a late civil war,

Gaspings

Gasp'ing for life, and scarce rebor'd to hope ;
 To seek to opp'res her, with new cruelty,
 And utterly extinguish her long name,
 VVith so prodigious, and unheard-of fiercenes !
 VVhat sink of monsters, wretches of lost minds,
 Mad after change, and desp'rate in their states,
 VVearied, and gall'd with their necessities,
 (For all this I allow them) durst have thought it ?
 VVould not the barbarous deeds have been believ'd,
 Of *Marius*, and *Sylla*, by our children,
 VVithout this fact had rife forth greater, for them ?
 All, that they did, was piety, to this !
 They, yet, but murdred kinsfolk, brothers, parents,
 Ravish'd the virgins, and, perhaps, some matrons ;
 They left the City standing, and the temples :
 The gods, and majesty of *Rome* were safe yet !
 These purpose to fire it, to dispoil them,
 (Beyond the other evils) and lay waste
 The far-triumphed world : for, unto whom
Rome is too little, what can be enough ?

Ful. 'Tis true, my Lord, I had the same discourse.

Cic. And, then, to take a horrid sacrament

In human bloud, for execution
 Of this their dire design ; which might be call'd
 The height of wickednes : but that, that was higher,
 For which they did it ! *Ful.* I assure your Lordship,
 The extreme horror of it almost turn'd me
 To air, when firt I heard it ; I was all
 A vapor, when 'twas told me : and I long'd
 To vent it any where. 'Twas such a secret,
 I thought it would have burnt me up. *Cic.* Good *Fulvia*,
 Fear not your act ; and les repent you of it.

Ful. I do not, my good Lord. I know to whom
 I have utter'd it. *Cic.* You have discharg'd it, safely.
 Should *Rome*, for whom you have done the happy service,
 Turn most ingrate ; yet were your vertue paid
 In conscience of the fact : so much good deeds
 Reward themselves. *Ful.* My Lord, I did it not
 To any other aim, but for it self.
 To no ambition. *Cic.* You have learn'd the difference
 Of doing office to the publike weale,
 And private friendship : and have shewn it, Lady.

Be still your self. I have sent for *Quintus Curius*,
And (for your vertuous sake) if I can win him,
Yet, to the common-wealth ; he shall be safe too.

Ful. He under-take, my Lord, he shall be won,

Cic. Pray you, joyn with me, then : and help to work him.

Cicero, Lictor, Fulvia, Curius.

How now ? Is he come ? *Lic.* He is here, my Lord. *Cic.* Go presently,
Pray my colleague *Antonius*. I may speak with him,
About some preuent businels of the state ;
And (as you go) call on my brother *Quintus*,
And pray him, with the *Tribunes* to come to me.
Bid *Curius* enter. *Fulvia*, you will aid me ?

Ful. It is my duty. *Cic.* O, my noble Lord !
I have to chide you, ifaith. Give me your hand.
Nay, be not troubled ; 't shall be gently, *Curius*.
You look upon this Lady ? VVhat ! do you guess
My businels, yet ? Come, if you frown, I thunder :
Therefore, put on your better looks, and thoughts.
There's nought but fair, and good intended to you ;
And I would make those your complexion.
VVould you, of whom the *Senate* had that hope,
As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose,
Next sitting, to restore you : as they ha' done
The stupid, and ungratefull *Lentulus*.
(Excuse me, that I name you thus, together,
For, yet, you are not such) would you, I say,
A person both of bloud and honor, stock't
In a long race of vertuous ancestors,
Embark your self for such a hellish action,
VVith parricides, and traitors ; men turn'd furies,
Out of the wast, and ruine of their fortunes ?
(For 'tis despair, that is the mother of madness)
Such as want (that, which all conspirators,
But they, have first) meer colour for their mischief ?
O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour
To extenuate your guilt, but quit it clean ;
Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave 'hem.
He acts the third crime, that defends the first.
Here is a Lady, that hath got the start

In piety, of us all ; and, for whose virtue,
I could almost turn lover, again ; but that
Terentia would be jealous. What an honor
Hath she atchieved to her self ! What voices,
Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her,
Through every street ! What windows will be fill'd,
To shoot eyes at her ! What envy, and grief in matrons,
They are not she ! when this her act shall seem
Worthier a chariot, than if *Pompey* came,
With *Asia* chain'd ! All this is, while she lives.
But dead, her very name will be a statue !
Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
Of all posterity : when bras, and marble,
I, and the *Capital* it self is dust !

Ful. Your honor thinks too highly of me. *Cis.* No :
I cannot think enough. And I would have
Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame, to follow
The better precedent. She shews you, *Christi*,
What claim your countrey laye s. *Ex. 33* and what duty
You owe to it : be not afraid, to break
With murderers, and traitors, for the saving
A life, so near and necessary to you,
As is your countrey's. Think but on her right.
No child can be too naturall to his parent.
She is our common mother, and doth challeng
The prime part of us ; do not stop, but give it :
He, that is void of fear, may soon be just.
And no religion binds men to be traitors,

Ful. My Lord, he understands it ; and will follow
Your saving counsell : but shame, yet, stayes him.
I know, that he is coming. *Cis.* Do you know it ?

Ful. Yes, let me speak with you. *Cis.* O you are---- *Ful.* What am I
Cis. Speak not so loud. *Ful.* I am, what you should be,
Come, do you think, I'd walk in any plot,
Where Madam *Sennonia* should take place of me,
And *Fulvia* come i' the *reare*, or o' the *by* ?
That I would be her second ; in a business,
Though it might vantage me, all the Sun sees ?
It was a silly phant'lie of yours. Apply
Your self to me, and the *Consul*, and be wise ;
Follow the fortune I ha' put you into ;
You may be somthing this way, and with safety.

Cic. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings, Lady.

Ful. Sir, you may hear. I tell him, in the way,
Wherein he was, how hazardous his course was.

Cic. How hazardous? how certain to all ruine?

Did he, or do, yet, any of them imagine
The gods would sleep, to such a *Stygian* practice,
Against that common-wealth, which they have founded
With so much labour, and like care have kept,
Now near seven hundred years? It is a madness,
Wherewith heaven blinds 'hem, when it would confound 'hem,
That they should think it. Come, my *Curius*,
I see your nature's right; you shall no more
Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,
And trouble this good shame, no farder. Stand
Firm for your countrey; and become a man
Honor'd, and low'd. It were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know you,
What thanks, what titles, what rewards the *Senate*,
Will heap upon you, certain, for your service?
Let not a desperate action more engage you,
Than safety should: and wicked friendship force
What honesty, and vertue cannot work.

Ful. He tells you right, sweet friend 'Tis saving counsel.

Cur. Most noble *Consul*, I am yours, and hers;
I mean my countrey's: you' have form'd me new.
Inspiring me, with what I should be, truly.
And I intreat, my faith may not seem cheaper
For springing out of penitence. *Cic.* Good *Curius*,
It shall be dearer rather, and because
I'll make it such, hear, how I trust you more.
Keep still your former face: and mix again
With these lost spirits. Run all their mazes with 'hem:
Nor such are treasons, find their winding out,
And subtle turnings, watch their snaky wayes,
Through brakes, and hedges, into woods of darkness,
Where they are fain to creep upon their breasts
In paths ne're trod by men, but wolves, and panthers.
Learn, belide *Catiline*, *Lemulus*, and those,
Whose names I have; what new ones they draw in;
Who else are likely; What those great ones are,
They do not name; what wayes they mean to take;
And whither their hopes point; to war, or ruine,

By some surprize. Explore all their intents,
And what you find may profit the republique,
Acquaint me with it, either, by your self,
Or this your friend, on whom I lay

The care of urging you. Ile see, that *Rome*
Shall prove a thankful, and a bounteous mother :
Be secret, as the night. *Cic.* And constaunt, sir.

Cic. I do not doubt it. Though the time cut off
All vows. The dignity of truth is lost,
VVith much protesting. VVho is there ! This way,
Left you be seen, and met. And when you come,
Be this your token, to this fellow. Light 'hem.

[*He whispers with him.*]

O *Rome*, in what a sicknes art thou fallen !
How dangerous, and deadly ! when thy head
Is drown'd in sleep, and all thy body fev'ry !
No noise, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee,
Thy *lethargy* is such : or if by chance,
Thou heav'lt thy eye-lids up, thou dost forget
Sooner, than thou wert told, thy proper danger.
I did un-revendly, to blame the gods,
VVho wake for thee, though thou snore to thy self.
Is it not strange, thou should'ft be so diseas'd,
And so secure ? But more, that the first symptomes
Of such a malady, should not rise out
From any worthy member, but a base
And common strumpet, worthless to be nam'd
A hair, or part of thee ? Think, think hereafter,
VVhat thy needs were, when thou must use such means :
And lay it to thy breast, how much the gods
Upbraid thy foul neglect of them ; by making
So vile a thing, the author of thy safety.
They could have wrought by nobler wayes : have struck
Thy foes with forked lightning ; or ram'd thunder ;
Thrown hills upon 'hem, in the act ; have sent
Death, like a damp, to all their families ;
Or caus'd their consciences to burst 'hem. But,
VVhen they will shew thee, what thou art, and make
A scornful difference 'twixt their power, and thee,
They help thee by such aids, as geese, and harlots.
How now ? VVhat answer ? Is he come ? *Lic.* Your brother,
VVill streight be here ; and your colleague *Antonius*

Said, coldly, he would follow me. *Cle. J. that*
 Troubles me somewhat, and is worth my fear. *Cle. I. that*
 He is a man, 'gainst whom I must provide,
 That (as he'll do no good) he do no harm,
 He, though he be not of the plot, will like it,
 And wish it should proceed : for, unto men,
 Preft with their wants, all change is ever welcom.
 I, must with offices, and patience win him,
 Make him by art, that which he is not born,
 A friend unto the publicke ; and bestow
 The *Province* on him ; which is by the *Senate*,
 Decreed to me : that benefit will bind him ; and if not, an *oath* may do it.
 'Tis well if some men will do well, for price :
 So few are vertuous, when the reward's away.
 Nor must I be unmindful of my private ;
 For which I have call'd my brother, and the *tribunes*,
 My kins-folk, and my clients to be near me :
 He that stands up 'gainst traitors, and their ends,
 Shall need a double guard, of law, and friends :
 Especially, in such an envious state,
 That sooner will accuse the magistrate,
 Than the delinquent ; and will rather grieve
 The treason isnot acted, than believe,

Cesar, Catiline.

THe night grows on ; and you are for your meeting : it is the last. A
 He therefore end in few. Be resolute, And put your enterprise in act : the more Actions of depth, and danger are consider'd, The less assuredly they are perform'd. And thence it hapneth, that the bravest plots (Not executed straight) have been discover'd, Say, you are constant, or another, a third, Or more ; there may be yet one wretched spirit, With whom the fear of punishment shall work 'bove all the thoughts of honor, and revenge. You are not, now, to think what's best to do, As in beginnings ; but, what must be done, Being thus entred, and slip no advantage That may secure you. Let hem call it mischief,

When

When it is past, and prosper'd, 'twill be vertue.
 Th'are petty crimes, are punish'd, great rewarded
 Nor must you think of peril; since attempts,
 Begun with danger, still do end with glory:
 And, when need spurs, despait will be call'd wisdom.
 Less ought the care of men, or fame to fright you;
 For they, that win, do seldom receive shame
 Of victory: how ere it be atchiev'd;
 And vengeance, least. For who, besieg'd with wants,
 Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it?
 Come, there was never any great thing, yet,
 Aspired, but by violence, or fraud:
 And he that sticks (for folly of a conscience)
 To reach it — *Cat.* Is a good religious fool.

Cat. A superstitious slave, and will die beast.
 Good night. You know what *Crassus* thinks, and I,
 By this: Prepare you wings, as large as sails,
 To cut through air, and leave no print behind you.
 A serpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,
 Do's eat a bat: and so must you a *Consul*,
 That watches. What you do, do quickly *Sergius*.
 You shall not stir for me. *Cat.* Excuse me, lights there.
Cat. By no means. *Cat.* Stay then. All good thoughts to *Cesar*.
 And like to *Crassus*. *Cat.* Mind but your friends counsels.

Catiline, Annelia, Lecca.

OR, I will bear no mind. How now, *Aurelia*?
 Are your confederates come? the Ladies? *Aur.* Yes.
Cat. And is *Sempronius* there? *Aur.* She is. *Cat.* That's well.
 She ha's a sulphurous spirit, and will take
 Light at a spark. Break with them, gentle love,
 About the drawing as many of their husbands,
 Into the plot, as can: if not, to rid 'hem.
 That'll be the easier practise, unto some,
 Who have been tir'd with 'hem long. Sollicite
 Their aids, for money: and their servants help,
 In firing of the city, at that time
 Shall be design'd. Promise 'hem states, and empires,
 And men, for lovers, made of better clay,

Than ever the old potter *Titan* knew.

Who's that? O, *Porcius Lecca*! are they met?

Lecc. They are all here. *Cat.* Love, you have your instructions:

I'll trust you with the stuff you have to work on.

You'll form it? *Porcius*, fetch the silver eagle

I ga' you in charge. And pray 'hem they will enter.

*Catiline, Cethegus, Curius, Lentulus, Vargunteius,
Longinus, Gabinius, Ceparius,
Astriomus, &c.*

O, Friends, your faces glad me. This will be
Our last, I hope, of consultation.

Cet. So, it had need, *Cat.* We lose occasion, daily.

Cat. I, and our means: whereof one wounds me most,
That was the fairest. *Piso* is dead, in *Spain*.

Cet. As we are, here. *Len.* And, as it is thought, by envy
Of *Pompey's* followers. *Len.* He too's coming back,
Now, out of *Asia*: *Cat.* Therefore, what we intend,
We must be swift it. Take your seats, and hear,
I have, already, sent *Septimius*
Into the *Picene* territory; and *Fulvius*,
To raise force, for us, in *Apulia*:

Manlius at *Fesula*, is (by this time) up,
With the old needy troops, that follow'd *Sylla*:
And all do but expect, when we will give

The blow at home. Behold this silver eagle,
'Twas *Manlius* standard, in the *Cimbrian* war,
Fatal to *Rome*; and, as our augures tell me,
Shall still be so: for which one ominous cause,
I have kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,

As to a god-head, in a chappel built
Of purpose to it. Pledg then all your hands,
To follow it, with vows of death, and ruine,
Struck silently, and home. So waters speak
When they run deepest. Now's the time, this year,
The twenti'th from the firing of the *Capitol*,
As fatal too, to *Rome*, by all predictions:
And, in which, honor'd *Lentulus* must rise

A King, if he pursue it. *Cur.* If he do not,
He is not worthy the great destiny.

Len. It is too great for me, but what the gods,
And their great loves decree me, I must not
Seem careless of. *Cat.* No, nor we envious.
We have enough beside, all *Gallia, Belgia,*
Greece, Spain, and Africk. *Cat.* I, and *Asia* too,
Now *Pompey* is returning. *Cat.* Noblest *Romanes,*
Methinks our looks, are not so quick and high,
As they were wont. *Cur.* No? whose is not? *Cat.* We have
No anger in our eyes, no storm; no lightning:
Our hate is spent, and sum'd away in vapour,
Before our hands be'at work. *I can accuse*
Not any one, but all of slackness. *Cet.* Yes,
And be your self such, while you do it. *Cat.* Ha?
'Tis sharply answer'd, *Caius.* *Cet.* Truly, truly.

Len. Come, let us each one know his part to do,
And then be accus'd. Leave these untimely quarrels.

Cur. I would there were more *Romes* than one, to ruin, (natures,
Cet. More *Romes?* More worlds. *Cur.* Nay, then, more gods, and
If they took part. *Len.* When shall the time be first?

Cat. I think the *Saturnals.* *Cet.* 'Twill be too long.

Cat. They are not now far off, 'tis not a month.

Cet. A week, a day, an hour is too far off,
Now, were the fittest time. *Cat.* We ha'not laid
All things so safe, and ready. *Cet.* While we're laying,
We shall all lye; and grow to earth. Would I
Were nothing in it, if not now. These things
They should be done, e're thought. *Cat.* Nay, now your reason
Forsakes you, *Caius.* Think, but what commodity
That time will minister; the Cities custome
Of being, then, is mirth, and feast — *Len.* Loos'd whole
In pleasure and security — *Aut.* Each house
Resolv'd in freedom — *Cur.* Every slave a master —

Len. And they too no mean aids — *Cur.* Made from their hope
Of liberty — *Len.* Or hate unto their lords.

Var. 'Tis sure, there cannot be a time found out
More apt, and natural. *Len.* Nay, good *Cethegus,*
Why do your passions, now, distract our hopes?

Cet. Why do your hopes delude your certainties?

Cat. You must lend him his way. Think, for the order,
And process of it. *Len.* Yes. *Len.* I like not fire:

'Twill too much waste my City. *Cat.* Were it embers,
There will be wealth enough, rak'd out of them,
To spring a new. It must be fire, or nothing.

Len. What else should fright, or terrifie 'hem? *Var.* True
In that confusion, must be the chief slaughter.

Cur. Then we shall kill 'em bravest. *Cep.* And in heaps.

Ant. Strew sacrifices. *Cur.* Make the earth an altar.

Len. And Rome the fire. *Loc.* 'Twill be a noble night.

Var. And worth all *Sylla's* days. *Cur.* When husbands, wives,
Grandfires, and nephews, servants, and their lords,
Virgins, and priests, the infant, and the nurse,
Go all to hell, together in a fleet.

Cat. I would have you, *Longinus*, and *Statilius*,
To take the charge o'th' firing, which must be
At a sign given with a trumpet, done
In twelve chief places of the City, at once.
The flax and sulphur are already laid
In, at *Cethegus* house. So are the weapons.
Gabinus, you, with other force, shall stop
The pipes and conduits : and kill those that come
For water. *Cur.* What shall I do? *Cat.* All will have
Employment, fear not : Ply the execution.

Cur. For that, trust me, and *Cethegus*. *Cat.* I will be
At hand, with the army, to meet thole that scape.
And *Lentulus*, begirt you *Pompey's* house,
To seize his sons alive : for they are they
Must make our peace with him. All else cut off,
As *Tarquine* did the poppy heads ; or mowers
A field of thistles ; or else, up, as ploughs
Do barren lands ; and strike together flints,
And clods ; th'ungrateful *Senate*, and the people :
Till no rage, gone before, or coming after,
May weigh with yours, though horror leapt her self
Into the scale ; but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents, and the noise of tempests,
The boylng of *Charybdis*, the seas wildness,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds,
Be all out-wrought by your transcendent furies.
It had been done, e're this, had I been *Consul* ;
We'd had no stop, no let. *Len.* How find you *Antonius* ?

Cat. Th'other has won him, lost : that *Cicero*
Was born to be my opposition,

And

And stands in all our ways, *Cur.* Remove him first.

Cet. May that, yet, be done sooner? *Cat.* Would it were done.

Cur. *Var.* I'll do't. *Cet.* It is my province; none usurp it.

Len. What are your means? *Cet.* Enquire not. He shall dye.

Shall, was too slowly said. He is dying. That

Is, yet, too slow. He is dead. *Cat.* Brave, onely *Romance*,

Whose soul might be the worlds soul, were that dying;

Refuse not, yet, the aids of these your friends.

Len. Here's *Vargunteius* holds good quarter with him.

Cat. And under the pretext of clientele,

And visitation, with the morning hail,

Will be admitted. *Cet.* What is that to me?

Var. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and safely.

Cet. Safe is your way, then; take it. Mine's mine own.

Cat. Follow him, *Vargunteius*, and perswade,

The morning is the fittest time. *Len.* The night

Will turn all into tumult. *Len.* And perhaps

Miss of him too. *Cat.* Intreat, and conjure him,

In all our names — *Len.* By all our vows, and friendships.

Sempronia, Aurelia, Fulvia. [To them.]

WHAT! is our counsel broke up first? *Aur.* You say,

Women are greatest talkers. *Sem.* We ha'done;

And are now fit for action. *Len.* Which is passion.

There's your best activity, Lady. *Sem.* How

Knows your wife fatness that? *Len.* Your mothers daughter

Did teach me, madam. *Cet.* Come *Sempronia*, leave him:

He is a giber. And our present busness

Is of more serious consequence. *Aurelia*

Tell me, you'have done most masculinely within,

And plaid the orator. *Sem.* But we must hasten

To our design as well, and execute:

Not hang still, in the fever of an accident.

Cat. You say well, lady. *Sem.* I do like our plot

Exceeding well, 'tis sure; and we shall leave

Little to fortune in it. *Cat.* Your banquet stays.

Aurelia, take her in. Where's *Fulvia*?

Sem. O, the two lovers are coupling: *Cur.* In good faith,

She's very ill, with sitting up. *Sem.* You'd have her

Laugh, and lie down? *Ful.* No faith, *Sempronia*,

I am no: well: I'le take my leave, it draws

Toward the morning: *Curius* shall stay with you.
Madam, I pray you, pardon me, my health
I must respect. *Aur.* Farewell, good *Fulvia*.

Cur. Make hast, & bid him get his guards about him.
For *Vargunteius*, and *Cornelius*
Have undertain it, should *Cethegus* miss ;

*Curius whi-
spers this to
Fulvia.*

Their reason, that they think his open rashness
Will suffer easier discovery,
Than their attempt, so vailed under friendship.
Ile bring you to your coach. Tell him, beside,
Of *Caesars* coming forth, here. *Cat.* My sweet madam,
Will you be gone ? *Ful.* I am, my Lord, in truth,
In some indisposition. *Cat.* I do wish
You had all your health, sweet Lady: *Lentulus*,
You'll do her service. *Len.* To her coach, and duty.

Catiline.

WHAT ministers men must, for practice, use !
The rash, th'ambitious, needy, desperate,
Foolish, and wretched, ev'n the dregs of mankind,
To whores, and women ! Still, it must be so,
Each have their proper place ; and, in their rooms,
They are the best. Grooms fittest kindle fires,
Slaves carry burthens, Butchers are for slaughters,
Apothecaries, Butlers, Cooks for poisons ;
As these for me : dull, stupid *Lentulus*,
My stale, with whom I stalk ; the rash *Cethegus*,
My Executioner ; and fat *Longinus*,
Statilus, *Curius*, *Ceparius*, *Cimber*,
My Labourers, Pioners, and Incendiaries ;
With these domestick Traytors, bosom Theeves,
Whom custome hath call'd wives ; the readiest helps,
To betray heady husbands ; rob the easie :
And lend the moneys, on returns of lust.
Shall *Catiline* not do, now, with these aids,
So fought, so sorted, something shall be call'd
Their labour, but his profit ? and make *Cesar* :
Repent his ventring counsels, to a spirit,
So much his Lord in mischief ? when all these,
Shall, like the brethren sprung of dragons teeth,
Ruin each other ; and he fall amongst 'em :

With

With *Craffus*, *Pompey*, or who else appears,
 But like, or near a great one. May my brain
 Resolve to water, and my blood turn phlegme,
 My hands drop off, unworthy of my sword,
 And that b'inspired, of it self, to rip
 My brest, for my lost entrails ; when I leave
 A soul, that will not serve : and who will, are
 The same with slaves, such clay I dare not fear.
 The cruelty, I mean to act, I wish
 Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my name ;
 Whil'st, after-ages do toil out themselves,
 In thinking for the like, but do it less :
 And, were the power of all the fiends let loose,
 With fate to boot, it should be, still, example.
 When, what the *Gaul*, or *Moor* could not effect,
 Nor emulous *Carthage*, with their length of spight,
 Shall be the the work of one, and that my night.

Cicero, Fulvia, Quintus.

I Thank your vigilance. Where's my brother, *Quintus* ?
 Call all my servants up. Tell noble *Curius*,
 And say it to your self, you are my savers ;
 But that's too little for you, you are *Romes* :
 What could I then, hope less ? O brother ! now,
 The engines I told you of, are working ;
 The machine'gin'sto move. Where are your weapons ?
 Arm all my house-hold presently. And charge
 The porter, he let no man in, till day.

Qui. Not clients, and your friends ? *Cic.* They wear those names,
 That come to murther me. Yet send for *Cato*,
 And *Quintus Catus* ; those I dare trust :
 And *Flaccus*, and *Pontinius*, the *Prators*,
 By the back way. *Qui.* Take care, good brother *Marcus*,
 Your fears be not form'd greater than they should ;
 And make your friends grieve, while your enemies laugh.

Cic. 'Tis brothers counsel, and worth thanks. But do
 As I treat you. I provide, not fear.
 Was *Caesar* there, say you ? *Ful.* *Curius* says, he met him,
 Coming from thence. *Cic.* O, so. And, had you a counsel
 Of ladies too ? Who was your speaker. Madam ?

Ful. She that would be, had there been forty more ;

Sempronius, who had both her *greek* and *figures* ;
 And, ever and anone, would ask us, if
 The witty *Consul* could have mended that ?
 Or *Orator Cicero* could have said it better ?

Cic. She's my gentle enemy. Would *Cethegus*
 Had no more danger in him. But, my guards
 Are you, great powers ; and th'unbated strengths
 Of a firm conscience, which shall arm each step
 Tane for the state, and teach me slack no pace
 For fear of malice. How now, brother ? *Qui. Cato*,
 And *Quintus Catulus* were coming to you,
 And *Crassus* with 'hem. I have let 'hem in,
 Bp th' garden. *Cic.* What would *Crassus* have ? *Qui.* I hear
 Some whispering 'bout the gate ; and making doubt,
 Whether it be not yet too early, or no ?
 But I do think, they are your friends, and clients,
 Are fearful to disturb you. *Cic.* You will change
 To 'another thought anone. Ha'you giv'n the porter
 The charge, I will'd you ? *Qui.* Yes. *Cic.* Withdraw, and hearken.

Vargunteius, Cornelius, Porter, Cicero,
Cato, Catulus, Crassus.

THe dore's not open, yet. *Cor.* You're best to knock.
Var. Let them stand close, then : And, when we are in,
 Rush after us. *Cor.* But where's *Cethegus* ? *Var.* He
 Ha's left it, since he might not do't his way.

Por. Who's there ? *Var.* A friend, or more. *Por.* I may not let
 Any man in, till day. *Var.* No ? why ? *Cor.* Thy reason ?

Por. I am commanded so. *Var.* By whom ? *Cor.* I hope
 We are not discover'd. *Var.* Yes, by revelation.
 Pray thee, good slave, who ha's commanded thee ?

Por. He that may best, the *Consul*. *Var.* We are his friends.

Por. All's one. *Cor.* Best give your name. *Var.* Do'st thou hear,
 I have some instant businels with the *Consul*. (fellow ?
 My name is *Vargunteius*. *Cic.* True, he knows it ; *Cicero speaks*
 And for what friendly office you are sent. *Var.* to them from
Cornelius, too, is there ? *Var.* We are betray'd. *above.*

Cic. And desperate *Cethegus*, is he not ?

Var. Speak you, he knows my voice. *Cic.* What say you to't ?

Cor. You are deceiv'd, Sir. *Cic.* No, 'Tis you are so ;

Poor

Poor, mis-led men. Your states are yet worth pity,
 If you would hear, and change your savage minds.
 Leave to be mad ; forsake your purposes
 Of treason, rapine, murder, fire, and horror :
 The commonwealth hath eyes, that wake as sharply
 Over her life, as yours do for her ruin.
 Be not deceiv'd, to think her lenity
 Will be perpetual ; or, if men be wanting,
 The gods will be, to such a calling cause.
 Consider your attempts, and while there's time,
 Repent you of 'em. I doth make me tremble.
 There should those spirits yet breath, that when they cannot
 Live honestly, would rather perish basely.

Cato. You talk too much to 'em, *Marcus*, they are lost.
 Go forth and apprehend 'em. *Cato.* If you prove
 This practice, what should let the commonwealth
 To take due vengeance ? *Var.* Let us shift away.
 The darkness hath conceal'd us, yet. We'll say
 Some have abus'd our names. *Cor.* Deny it all.

Cato. *Quintus*, what guards ha'you ? Call the Tribunes aid,
 And raise the City. *Consul*, you are too mild,
 The foulness of some facts takes thence all mercy :
 Report it to the Senate. Hear : The gods
 Grow angry with y our patience. 'Tis their care,
 And must be yours, that guilty men escape not.
 As crimes do grow, justice should rouse it self.

*It thunders,
 and lightens
 violently on
 the sudden,*

Chorus.

WHAT is it, heavens, you prepare
 With so much swiftness, and so suddain rising ?
 There are no sons of earth that dare,
 Again, rebellion ? or the gods surprising ?
 The world doth shake, and nature fears,
 Tet is the tumult, and the horror greater
 Within our minds, than in our ears :
 So much Romes faults (now grown her fate) do threat her,
 The priests, and people run about,
 Each order, age, and sex amaz'd at other ;
 And at the ports, all thronging out,
 As if their safety were to quit their mother :

Yet find they the same dangers there,
 From which they make such haste to be preserved ;
 For guilty states do ever bear
 The plagues about them, which they have deserved.
 And, till those plagues do get above
 The mountain of our faults, and there do sit ;
 We see them not. Thus, still we love
 The evil we do, until we suffer it.
 But, most, ambition, that near vice
 To vertue, hath the fate of Rome provoked ;
 And made, that now Rome's self no price,
 To free her from the death, wherewith she's yoked.
 That restless ill, that still doth build
 Upon success ; and ends not in aspiring :
 But there begins. And ne'r is fill'd,
 While ought remains that seems but worth desiring.
 Wherein the thought, unlike the eye,
 To which things far, seem smaller than they are,
 Deems all contentment plac'd on high :
 And thinks there's nothing great, but what is far.
 O, that in time, Rome did not cast
 Her errors up, this fortune to prevent ;
 I have seen her crimes ere they were past :
 And felt her faults, before her punishment.

Act IIII.

Allobroges.

 Divers Se-
 nators pass
 by, quaking
 and trem-
 bling.

Can these men fear ? who are not only ours,
 But the worlds masters ? Then I see, the gods
 Upbraid our suffrings, or would humble them ;
 By sending these affrights, while we are here :
 That we might laugh at their ridiculous fear,
 Whose names, we trembled at, beyond the Alpes.
 Of all that pass, I do not see a face
 Worthy a man ; that dares look up, and stand
 One thunder out : but downward all, like beasts,
 Running away from every flash is made,

The

The falling world could not deserve such baseness
 Are we emploid here, by our miseries,
 Like superstitious fools (or rather slaves) ^{that have follow'd us}
 To plain our griefs, wrongs, and oppressions,
 To a mean clothed Senate, whom our folly
 Hath made, and still intends to keep our tyrannies?
 It is our base petitionary breath
 That blows 'em to this greatness; which this prick
 Would soon let out, if we were bold, and wretched.
 When they have taken all we have, our goods,
 Crop, lands, and houses, they will leave us this:
 A weapon, and an arm will still be found,
 Though naked left, and lower than the ground.

Cato, Catulus, Cicero, Allobroges.

DO; urge thine anger, still: good heaven, and just:
 Tell guilty men, what powers are above them,
 In such a confidence of wickedness,
 'Twas time, they should know something fit to fear.
Cato. I never saw a morn more full of horror.
Cato. To *Catiline*, and his: But, to just men,
 Though heaven would speak, with all his wrath at once,
 That, with his breath, the hinges of the world
 Did crack, we should stand upright, and unfeard'd.

Cic. Why, so we do, good *Cato*. Who be thefe?
Cato. Ambaffadors, from the *Allobroges*,
 I take 'em, by their habits. *All.* I, thefe men
 Seem of another rade; let's fue to thefe,
 There's hope of justice, with their fortitude.

Cic. Friends of the *Senate*, and of *Rome*, to day
 We pray you to forbear us: on the morrow
 What fute you have, let us, by *Fabius Sangus*,
 (Whose patronage your state doth use) but know it;
 And, on the *Consul's* word, you shall receive
 Dispatch, or else an answer, worth your patience.

All. We could not hope for more, most worthy *Consul*.
 This magistrate hath stroke an awe into me,
 And, by his sweetnes, wonne a more regard
 Unto his place, than all the boystrous moods
 That ignorant greatness practiseth, to fill
 The large, unfit authority it wears.
 How easie is a noble spirit discern'd
 From harsh, and sulphurous matter, that flies out

In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinkes !
 May we find good, and great men : that know how
 To stoup to wants, and meet necessities,
 And will not turn from any equal suits,
 Such men, they do not succour more the cause,
 They undertake, with favour, and success ;
 Then, by it, their own judgments they do raise,
 In turning just mens needs, into their praise,

The Senate.

PRE. Room for the *Consuls*, Fathers, take your places,
 Here, in the house of *Jupiter*, the *Stayer*,
 By edict from the *Consul*, *Marcus Tullius*.
 You are met, a frequent *Senate*. Hear him speak,

Cic. *What may be happy, and auspicious still*
To Rome, and hers. Honor'd, and conscript Fathers,
 If I were silent, and that all the dangers
 Threatning the state, and you, were yet so hid
 In night, or darkness thicker in their breasts,
 That are the black contrivers : so that no
 Beam of the light could pierce them : yet the voice
 Of heav'n, this morning, hath spoke loud enough,
 To instruct you with a feeling of the horror ;
 And wake you from a sleep, as starke, as death.
 I have of late, spoke often in this *Senate*,
 Touching this argument, but still have wanted
 Either your ears, or faith : so incredible
 Their plots have seem'd, or I so vain, to make
 These things for mine own glory, and false greatness,
 As hath been given out. But be it so.
 When they break forth, and shall declare themselves,
 By their too foul effects, then, then, the envy
 Of my just cares will find another name,
 For me, I am but one : and this poor life,
 So lately aim'd at, not an hour yet since,
 They cannot with more eagerness pursue,
 Than I with gladnes would lay down, and loose,
 To buy *Romes* peace, if that would purchase it.
 But when I see, they'd make it but the step
 To more, and greater ; unto yours, *Romes*, all :
 I would with those preserve it, or then fall.

Cas. I, I, let you alone, cunning artificer !
See, how his gorget peers above his gown ;
To tell the people, in what danger he was,
It was absurdly done of *Vargunius*,
To name himself, before he was got in.

Cra. It matters not, so they deny it all :
And can but carry the lye constantly.
Will *Catiline* be here ? *Cas.* I have sent for him.

Cra. And ha' you bid him to be confident ?

Cas. To that his own necessity will prompt him.

Cra. Seem to believe nothing at all, that *Cicero*
Relates us. *Cas.* It will mad him. *Cra.* O, and help
The other party. Who is that ? His Brother ?
What new intelligence ha' he brought him now ?

Cas. Some cautions from his wife, how to behave him. *Cicero*
Cic. Place some of them without, and some bring in. *Quintus*
Thank their kind loves. It is a comfort yet, *bring in*
That all depart not from their Countries cause. *the Tri-
bunes, & Guards.*

Cas. How now, what means this muster ? *Consul Antonius* ?
Ant. I do not know, ask my colleague, he'll tell you.
There is some reason in state, that I must yield to ;
And I have promis'd him : Indeed he has bought it,
With giving me the *Province*. *Cic.* I profess,
It grieves me, *Fathers*, that I am compell'd
To draw these Arms, and Aids for your defence ;
And, more, against a Citizen of *Rome*,
Born here amongst you, a *Patrician*,
A man, I must confess, of no mean house,
Nor no small virtue, if he had employ'd
Those excellent gifts of fortune, and of nature,
Unto the good, not ruin of the State.
But, being bred in's *Fathers* needy fortunes,
Brought up in's Sisters prostitution,
Confirm'd in civil slaughter, entring first
The Commonwealth with murder of the Gentry ;

Since, both by study and custome, conversant
With all licentiousnes ; what could he hop'd
In such a Field of Riot, but a course
Extreme pernicious ? Though, I must protest,
I found his mischiefs, sooner, with mine eyes,
Than with my thought ; and with these hands of mine,
Before they touch'd, at my suspicion.

Ces. What are his mischiefs, *Consul*? you declame
Against his manners, and corrupt your owne::

No wiseman shold, for hate of guiltie men,
Loose his owne innocence. *Cic.* The noble *Cesar*
Speakes god-like truth. But, when he heares, I can
Convince him, by his manners, of his mischiefs,

He might be silent: and not cast away

His sentences in vaine, where they scarce looke.

Toward his subiect. *Cato.* Here he comes himselfe,

If he be worthy any good mans voyce,

That good man sit downe by him. *Cato* will not.

Catilene sits downe, and Cato rises from him.

Catu. If *Cato* leave him, I'le not keepe aside,

Ces. What face is this, the *Senate* here puts on,

Against me, *Fathers*? Give my modellie

Leave, to demand the cause of so much strangenesse..

Ces. It is reported here, you are the head

To a strange faction, *Lucius*. *Cic.* I, and will

Be prov'd against him. *Catu.* Let it be. Why, *Consul*,

If in the common-wealth, there be two bodies,

One leane, weake, rotten, and that hath a head;

The other strong, and healthfull, but hath none:

If I doe give it one, doe I offend?

Restore your selves unto your temper, *Fathers*;

And, without perturbation, heare me speake.

Remember who I am, and of what place,

What petty fellow this is, that opposes;

One, that hath exercis'd his eloquence,

Still to the bane of the nobilitie:

A boasting, insolent tongue-man. *Cato.* Peace, leud traytor;

Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man

And loves his countrey, wold thou didst so, too.

Catu. *Cato*, you are too zealous for him. *Cato.* No;

Thou art too impudent. *Catu.* *Catilene*, be silent.

Catu. Nay then, I easilie feare, my just defence

Will come too late, to so much prejudice.

(*Ces.* Will he sit downe?) *Catu.* Yet, let the world forsake me,

My innocence must not. *Cato.* Thou innocent?

So are the *Furies*. *Cic.* Yes, and *Ate*, too.

Do'st thou not blush, pernicious *Catilene*?

Or, hath the palenesse of thy guilt drunke up.

Thy bloud, and drawne thy veines, as drie of that,

As is thy heart of truth, thy brest of virtue?

Whither

Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience ?
Still shall thy furie mocke us ? To what licence
Dares thy unbridled boldnesse runne it selfe ?
Doe all the nightly guards, kept on the palace,
The cities watches, with the peoples feares,
The concourse of all good men, this so strong
And fortifyed seate here of the *Senate* ;
The present lookes upon thee, strike thee nothing ?
Do'st thou not feele thy counsells all laid open ?
And see thy wild conspiracie bound in.
With each mans knowledge ? which of all this order
Canst thou thinke ignorant (if they 'll but utter
Their conscience to the right) of what thou didst
Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,
Whom thou didst call together, what y our plots were ?
O age, and manners ! This the *Consul* sees ;
The *Senate* understands, yet this man lives !
Lives ? I, and comes here into counsell with us ;
Partakes the publique cares : and with his eye
Markes, and points out each man of us to slaughter.
And we, good men doe satisfie the state,
If we can shunne but this mans sword, and madnesse.
There was that vertue, once, in *Rome*, when good men
Would, with more sharpe coercion, have restrain'd
A wicked citizen, then the deadliest foe.
We have that law still, *Catiline*, for thee ;
An act as graue, as sharpe : The state's not wanting :
Nor the authoritie of this *Senate* ; we,
We, that are *Consuls*, only faile our selves.
This twentie dayes, the edge of that decree :
We have let dull, and rust ; kept it shut up,
As in a sheath, whichidrawne should take thy head ;
Yet still thou liv'st : and liv'st not to lay by
Thy wicked confidence, but to confirme it.
I could desire, *Fathers*, to be found
Still mercifull, to seeeme, in these maine perills
Grasping the state, a man remisse, and slacke ;
But then, I should condemne my selfe of sloth,
And trecherie. Their campe's in *Italie*,
Pitch'd in the jawes, here, of *Hetruria* ;
Their numbers daily increasing, and their general

Within

Within our walls : nay, in our counsell ! plotting
Hourly some fatall mischiefe to the publique.

If, *Catiline*, I should command thee, now,
Here, to be taken, kill'd ; I make just doubt,
Whether all good men would not thinke it done
Rather too late, then any man too cruell.

Cato. Except he were of the same meale, and batch.

Cic. But that, which ought to haue been done long since,
I will, and (for good reason) yet forbearre.

Then will I take thee, when no man is found

So loft, so wicked, hay, so like thy selfe,

But shall professe, 'tis done of need, and right.

While there is one, that dares defend thee, live ;

Thou shalt have leave ; but so, as now thou liy'st :

Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and opprest

From working least commotion to the state.

I have those eyes, and eares, shall still keepe guard,

And spiall on thee, as they have ever done,

And thou not seele it. What, then, canst thou hope ?

If neither night can, with her darknesse, hide

Thy wicked meetings ; nor a private house

Can, in her walls, contayne the guiltie whispers

Of thy conspiracie : if all breake out,

All be discovered, change thy midd at last.

And loose thy thoughts of ruine, flame, and slaughter.

Remember, how I told, here, to the *Senate*,

That such a day, thy *Lector*, *Caius Manlius*,

Would be in armes. Was I deceived, *Catiline* ?

Or in the fact, or in the time ? the houre ?

I told too, in this *Senate*, that thy purpose

Was, on the fift^h (the kalends of November)

T'have slaughter'd this whole order: which my caution

Made many leave the citie. Canst thou here

Denie, but this thy blacke designe was hindred,

That very day, by me ? thy selfe clos'd in,

Within my strengths, so that thou could'st not more

Against a publique reed ? when thou were heard

To say, upon the parting of the rest,

Thou would'st content thee, with the murder of us,

That did remaine. Had'st thou not hope, beside,

By a surprize, by night, to take *Praneste* ?

Where when thou cam'st, did'st thou not find the place

Made good against thee, with my aides, my watches ?
My garrisons fortified it. Thou do'st nothing, *Sergius*,
Thou canst endeavour nothing, nay not thinke,
But I both see, and heare it ; and am with thee,
By, and before, about, and in thee, too.
Call but to mind thy last night's basinesse. Come,
Ile vse no circumstance : at *Lecca's* house.
The shop, and mint of your conspiracie.
Among your sword-men, where so many associates
Both of thy mischiefe, and thy madnesse, met.
Dar'st thou denie this ? wherefore art thou silent ?
Speake, and this shall convince thee : Here they are,
I see 'hem, in this *Senate*, that were with thee.
O, you immortall gods ! in what clime are we ?
What region doe we live in ? in what ayre ?
What common-wealth, or state is this we have ?
Here, here, amongst us, our owne number, *Fathers*,
In this most holy counsell of the world,
They are, that seeke the spoyle of me, of you,
Of ours, of all ; what I can name's too narrow :
Follow the sunne, and find not their ambition.
These I behold, being *Confus* ; nay, I aske
Their counells of the state, as from good *Patriots* :
Whom it were fit the axe should hew in pieces,
I not so much as wound, yet, with my voyce.
Thou wast, last night, with *Lecca*, *Catiline*,
Your shares, of *Italie*, you there divided ;
Appointed who, and whither, each should goe ;
What men should stay behind, in *Rome*, were chosen ;
Your offices set downe ; the parts mark'd out,
And places of the citie, for the fire ;
Thy selfe (thou'affirm'd'st) wast readie to depart,
Onely, a little let there was, that stay'd thee,
That I yet liv'd. Upon the word, stept forth
Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care ;
Two under-tooke this morning, before day,
To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,
Your convent scarce dismisd, arm'd all my servants,
Call'd both my brother, and friends, shut out your clients,
You sent to visite me ; whose names I told
To some there, of good place, before they came.
Cato. Yes, I, and *Quintus Catulus* can affirme it,

Cas. He's lost, and gone. His spirits have forsooke him,
 Cis. If this be so, why, *Catiline*, do'st thou stay?
 Goe, where thou mean'st. The ports are open; forth;
 The campe abroad wants thee, their chiefe, too long.
 Lead with thee all thy troupes out. Purge the citie,
 Draw drie that noysome, and pernicious sinke,
 Which left, behind thee, would infect the world.
 Thou wilt free me of all my feares, at once;
 To see a wall betweene us. Do'st thou stop
 To doe that now, commanded; which before,
 Of thine owne choice, thou'rt prone to? Goe, The *Consul*
 Bids thee, an enemie, to depart the citie.
 Whither, thou'l ask? to exile? I not bid
 Thee that. But aske my counsell, I perswade it.
 What is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?
 Where not a soule, without thine owne foule knot,
 But feares, and hates thee. What domesticke note
 Of private filchinelle, but is burnt in
 Into thy life? What close, and secret shame?
 But is growne one, with thy knowne infamy?
 What lust was ever absent from thine eyes?
 What leud fact from thy hands? what wickednesse
 From thy whole body? where's that yowth drawn in
 Within thy nets, or catch'd up with thy baits,
 Before whose rage, thou hast not borne a sword,
 And to whose lusts thou hast not 'held a torch?
 Thy latter nuptials I let passe in silence;
 Where sinnes incredible, on sinnes, were heap't:
 Which I not name, left, in a civill state,
 So monstrous facts should either appeare to be,
 Or not to be reveng'd. Thy fortunes, too,
 I glance not at, which hang but till next *Ides*.
 I come to that which is more knowne, more publike;
 The life, and safetie of us all, by thee
 Threatned, and sought. Stood'st thou not in the field,
 When *Lepidus*, and *Tullus* were our *Consuls*,
 Vpon the day of choice, arm'd and with forces,
 To take their lives, and our chiefe citizens?
 VVhen, not thy feare, nor conscience chang'd thy mind,
 But the meere fortune of the common-wealth
 With stood thy active malice? Speake ~~but~~ right
 How often hast thou made attempt me?

How many of thy assaults have I declin'd
With shifting but my body, (as wee'ld say)
Wrested thy dagger from thy hand, how oft ?
How often hath it faln, or slip't by chance ?
Yet, can thy side not want it : which, how vow'd,
Or with what rites, 'tis sacred of thee, I know not,
That still thou mak'st it a necessity,
To fix it in the body of a *Consul*.
But let me loose this way, and speak to thee,
Not as one mov'd with hatred, which I ought,
But pity, of which none is owing thee.

Cat. No more then unto *Tantalus*, or *Tityus*.
Cic. Thou can'st, e're while, into this *Senate*. Who
Of such a frequency, so many friends,
And kindred thou hast here, saluted thee ?
Were not the seats made bare, upon thy entrance ?
Ris' not the consular men ? and left their places,
So soon as thou sat'st down ? and fled thy side,
Like to a plague, or ruine ? knowing, how oft
They had been, by thee, mark'd out for the shambles ?
How dost thou bear this ? Surely, if my slaves
At home fear'd me, with half th'affright and horror,
That, here, thy fellow-citizens do thee,
I should soon quit my house, and think it need too.
Yet thou dar'st tarry here ? Go forth, at last ;
Condemn thy self to flight, and solitude.
Discharge the Commonwealth, of her deep fear.
Go ; into banishment, if thou wait'st the word.
Why dost thou look ? They all consent unto it.
Do'st thou expect th' authority of their voices,
Whose silent wills condemn thee ? While they sit,
They approve it ; while they suffer it, they decree it,
And while they're silent to it, they proclaim it.
Prove thou there honest, I'll endure the envy.
But there's no thought thou should'st be ever he,
Whom either shame should call from filthiness,
Terrour from danger, or discourse from fury.
Go ; I intreat thee : yet, why do I so ?
When I already know, they're sent afore,
That tarry for thee in arms, and do expect thee
On th' *Aurelian* way. I know the day
Set down, 'twixt thee, and *Manlius* ; unto whom

The silver eagle too is sent before :
 Which I do hope shall prove to thee as banefull,
 As thou conceiv'st it to the commonwealth.
 But, may this wise, and sacred *Senate* say,
 What mean'st thou *Marcus Tullius*? If thou know'st
 That *Catiline* be look'd for, to be chief
 Of an intestine war ; that he is the author
 Of such a wickednes ; the caller out
 Of men of mark in mischief, to an action
 Of so much horrour ; prince of such a treason ;
 Why do'st thou send him forth? why let him scape?
 This is, to give him liberty, and power :
 Rather, thou shouldest lay hold upon him, send him
 To deferv'd death, and a just punishment.
 To these so holy voices, thus I answer,
 If I did think it timely, *Conscript Fathers*,
 To punish him with death, I would not give
 The Fencer use of one short hour, to breathe ;
 But when there are in this grave order, some,
 Who, with soft censures, still do nurse his hopes ;
 Some, that with not believing, have confirm'd
 His designs more, and whose authority
 The weaker, as the worst men, too, have follow'd :
 I would now send him, where they all should see
 Clear, as the light, his heart shone ; where no man
 Could be so wickedly, or fondly stupid,
 But should cry out, he saw, toucht, felt, and grapt it.
 Then, when he hath run oxt himself ; led forth
 His desp'rete party with him ; blown together
 Aids of all kinds, both shipwrack'd minds and fortunes :
 Not onely the grown evil, that now is sprang,
 And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up, and weeded ;
 But the stock, root, and seed of all the mischiefs,
 Choaking the Commonwealth, Where should we take,
 Of such a swarm of traytors, onely him.
 Our cares and fears might seem a while reliev'd,
 But the main peril would bide still enclos'd
 Deep, in the veins and bowels of the state.
 As humane bodies, labouring with fevers,
 While they are tost with heat, if they do take
 Cold water, seem for that short space much eas'd,
 But afterward, are ten times more afflicted.

Wherefore, I say, let all this wicked crew
Depart, divide themselves from good men, gather
Their forces to one head ; as I said oft,
Let 'hem be sever'd from us with a wall ;
Let 'hem leave off attempts, upon the *Consul*,
In his own house ; to circle in the *Prator* ;
To girt the Court with weapons ; to prepare
Fire, and balls, swords, torches, sulphure, brands :
In short, let it be writ in each mans forehead
VVhat thoughts he bears the publick. I here promise,
Fathers Conscrip^to^rs, to you, and to my self.
That diligence in us *Consuls*, for my honour'd
Colleague, abroad, and for my self, at home ;
So great authority in you ; so much
Vertue, in these, the Gentlemen of *Rome*.
VVhom I could scarce restrain to day, in zeal,
From seeking out the parricide, to slaughter ;
So much consent in all good men, and minds,
As on the going out of this one *Catiline*,
All shall be clear, made plain, oppres'd, reveng'd.
And, with this *omen*, go, pernicious plague,
Out of the city, to the wish'd destruction
Of thee, and those, that to the ruine of her,
Have tane that bloudy and black sacrament.
Thou *Jupiter*, whom we do call the *Stayer*,
Both of this City, and this Empire, wilt
(VVith the same auspice thou didst raise it first)
Drive from thy altars, and all other temples,
And buildings of this City ; from our walls ;
Lives, states, and fortunes of our citizens ;
This fiend, this fury, with his complices.
And all th'offence of good men (these known traytors
Unto their countrey, thieves of *Italy*,
Joyn'd in so damn'd a league of mischief) thou
VVilt with perpetual plagues, alive, and dead,
Punish for *Rome*, and save her innocent head.

Cat. If an oration, or high language, *Fathers*,
Could make me guilty, here is one, hath done it :
H'has strove to emulate this mornings thunder,
VVith his prodigious rhetorick. But I hope,
This *Senate* is more grave, then to give credit
Rashly to all he vomits, 'gainst a man.

Of your own order, a *Patrician* ;
 And one, whose ancestors have more deserv'd
 Of *Rome*, than this man's eloquence could utter,
 Turn'd the best way : as still, it is the worst.

Cato. His eloquence hath more deserv'd to day,
 Speaking thy ill, than all thy ancestors

Did, in their good : and that the State will find,
 Which he hath sav'd. *Cati.* How, he ? were I that enemy,
 That he would make me : I'd not wish the State
 More wretched, then to need his preservation.

What do you make him, *Cato*, such a *Hercules* ?
 An *Atlas* ? A poor petty in-mate ! *Cato.* Traytor.

Cati. He save the State ? A burges's son of *Arpinum*.
 The gods would rather twenty *Romes* should perish,
 Then have that contumely stuck upon 'hem,
 That he should share with them, in the preserving
 A shed, or sign-polt. *Cato.* Peace, thou prodigie.

Cati. They would be forc'd themselves, again, and lost
 In the first, rude, and indigested heap ;
 Ere such a wretched name, as *Cicero*,
 Should stand with theirs. *Catu.* Away, thou impudent head.

Cati. Do you all back him ? are you silent too ?
 Well, I will leave you, *Fathers* ; I will go.

But — my fine dainty speaker — *Cic.* What now, *Fury* ? {He turns
 Wilt thou assault me here ? (*Cho.* Help, aid the *Consul*.)} {suddenly

Cati. See, *Fathers*, laugh you not ? who threatned him ? *on Cicero*
 In vain thou do'st conceive, ambitious oratour,
 Hope of so brave a death, as by this hand.

Cato. Out of the Court with the pernicious traytor)

Cati. There is no title, that this flattering *Senate*,

Nor honour, the base multitude can give thee,
 Shall make thee worthy *Catilines* anger. (*Cato.* Stop.

Stop that portentous mouth.) *Cati.* Or, when it shall,
 I'll look thee dead. *Cato.* Will none restrain the monster ?

Catu. Parricide. *Qui.* Butcher, traytor, leave the *Senate*.

Cati. I 'am gone, to banishment, to please you, *Fathers*.
 Thrust head-long forth ? *Cato.* Still, do'st thou matmure, monster ?

Cati. Since I am thus put out, and made a — *Cic.* What ?

Catu. Not guiltier then thou art. *Cati.* I will not burn
 Without my funeral pile. *Cato.* What says the fiend ?

Cati. I will have matter, timber. *Cato.* Sing out screech-owl.

Cati. It shall be in — *Catu.* Speak thy imperfect thoughts.

Cati.

Cati. The common fite, rather then mine own,
For fall I will with all, e're fall alone.

Cra. H'is lost, there is no hope of him. *Cas.* Unless
He presently take arms, and give a blow,
Before the *Consuls* forces can be levy'd.

Cic. What is your pleasure, *Fathers*, shall be done?

Carr. See, that the commonwealth receive no loss.

Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the *Consuls*. (Senate.)

Cra. 'Tis time. *Cas.* And need. *Cic.* Thanks to this frequenc
But what decree they, unto *Curius*,

And *Fulvia*. *Catu.* What the *Consul* shall think meet.

Cic. They must receive reward, though't be not known;
Lest when a State needs ministers, they ha' none.

Cato. Yet *Marcus Tullius*, do not I believe,
But *Crassus*, and this *Casar* here ring hollow.

Cic. And would appear so, if that we dūrst prove 'hem.

Cato. Why dare we not? What honest act is that,
The *Roman* Senate should not dare, and do?

Cic. Not an unprofitable, dangerous act,
To stir too many serpents up at once.

Casar, and *Crassus*, if they be ill men,
Are mighty ones; and, we must so provide,
That, while we take one head, from this foul *Hydra*,
There spring not twenty more. *Cato.* I prove your counsel.

Cic. They shall be watch'd, and look'd to. Till they do
Declare themselves, I will not put 'hem out
By any question. There they stand. I'le make
My self no enemies, northe State no traytor.

Catiline, Lentulus, Cethegus, Curius, Gabinius,
Longinus, Statilius.

FALE to our selves? All our designs discover'd
To this State-car? *Cet.* I, had I had my way,
He' had mew'd in flames, at home; not i'the *Senate*:
I had sing'd his furres, by this time. *Cat.* Well, there's, now;
No time of calling back, or standing still.
Friends, be your selves; keep the same *Roman* hearts,
And ready minds, you'had yesternight. Prepare
To execute, what we resolv'd. And let not
Labour, or danger, or discovery fright you.

Ile to the army: (you the while) mature
 Things, here, at home. Draw to you any aids,
 That you think fit, of men of all conditions,
 Or any fortunes, that may help a war.
 Ile bleed a life, or win an empire for you.
 Within these few days, look to see my ensigns,
 Here, at the walls: Be you but firm within,
 Mean time, to draw an envy on the *Consul*,
 And give a leis suspicion of our course,
 Let it be given out, here in the city,
 That I am gone, an innocent man, to exile,
 Into *Mafilia*, willing to give way
 To fortune, and the times; being unable
 To stand so great a faction, without troubling
 The Commonwealth: whose peace I rather seek,
 Than all the glory of contention;
 Or the support of mine own innocence.
 Farewell the noble *Lentulus*, *Longinus*,
Curius, the rest; and thou, my better *Genius*,
 The brave *Cethegus*: when we meet again,
 We'll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And revenge.
 That we may praise our hands once. *Len.* O, you *Fates*,
 Give *Fortune* now her eyes, to see with whom
 She goes along, that she may ne're forsake him.
Cur. He needs not her, nor them. Go but on, *Sergius*.
 A valiant man is his own fate, and fortune.
Len. The fate, and fortune of us all go with him.
Gab. Sta. And ever guard him. *Cat.* I am all your creature.
Len. Now friends, 'tis left with us. I have already
 Dealt, by *Umbrenus*, with the *Allobroges*,
 Here reliant in *Rome*; whose state, I hear,
 Is discontent with the great usuries,
 They are oppress'd with: and have made complaints
 Divers unto the *Senate*, but all vainly:
 These men, I'ave thought (both for their own oppressions,
 As also that, by nature they're a people
 Warlike, and fierce, still watching after change,
 And now in present hatred with our state)
 The fittest, and the easiest to be drawn
 To our society, and to aid the war.
 The rather, for their seat; being next bord'ers
 On *Italy*; and that they abound with horse:

Of which one want our camp doth onely labour.
And I have found 'hem coming. They will meet
Soon, at *Sempronius*' house, where I would pray you
All to be present, to confirm 'hem more.
The sight of such spirits hurt not, nor the store.

Gab. I will not fail. *Sta.* Nor I. *Cur.* Nor I. *Cet.* Would I
Had somewhat by my self, apart, to do.
I ha' no Genius to these many counsels.
Let me kill all the *Senate*, for my share,
I'le do it at next sitting. *Len.* Worthy *Cainus*,
Your presence will adde much. *Cet.* I shall mar more.

Cicero, Sanga, Allobroges.

THe State's beholden to you, *Fabius Sanga*,
For this great care: And those *Allobroges*
Are more then wretched, if they lend a list'ning
To such perswasion. *San.* They, most worthy *Consul*,
As men employ'd here, from a grieved state,
Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
And being told, there was small hope of ease
To be expected, to their evils, from hence,
Were willing, at the first to give an ear
To any thing, that founded liberty:
But since, on better thoughts, and my urg'd reasons,
They're come about, and won, to the true side.
The fortune of the commonwealth hath conquer'd.

Cic. What is that same *Umbrenus*, was the agent?
San. One that hath had negotiation
In *Gallia* oft, and known unto their state.
Cic. Are th'embassadors come with you? *San.* Yes.
Cic. Well, bring 'em in, if they be firm and honest.
Never had men the means to deserve
Of *Rome*, as they. A happy, wish'd occasion,
And thrust into my hands, for the discovery,
And manifest conviction of these traytors.
Be thank'd, O *Jupiter*. My worthy lords,
Confederates of the *Senate*, you are welcome.
I understand by *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,
Your careful patron here, you have been lately
Solicited against the commonwealth,
By one *Umbrenus* (take a seat I pray you)

*§ The Allobroges
{ enter.*

From

From *Publius Lentulus*, to be associates
In their intended war. I could advise,
That men, whose fortunes are yet flourishing,
And are *Romes* friends, would not, without a cause,
Become her enemies ; and mix themselves
And their estates, with the lost hopes of *Catiline*,
Or *Lentulus*, whose meer despair doth arm 'hem :
That were to hazard certainties, for air,
And undergo all danger, for a voice.
Believe me, friends, loud tumults are not laid
With half the easiness, that they are rais'd.
All may begin a war, but few can end it.
The *Senate* have decreed, that my colleague
Shall lead their army, against *Catiline* ;
And have declar'd both him, and *Manlius* traitors,
Metellus Celer hath already given
Part of their troops defeat. Honours are promis'd
To all, will quit 'em ; and rewards propos'd
Even to slaves, that can defect their courses.
Here, in the city, I have by the *Pretors*,
And *Tribunes*, plac'd my guards, and watches so,
That not a foot can tread, a breath can whisper,
But I have knowledge. And be sure, the *Senate*,
And people of *Rome*, of their accustom'd greatness,
Will sharply, and severely vindicate,
Not onely any fact, but any practise,
Or purpose, 'gainst the state. Therefore, my lords,
Consult of your own ways, and think which hand
Is best to take. You, now, are present suiters
For some redress of wrongs ; I'll undertake
Not onely that shall be assur'd you : but
What grace, or priviledge else, *Senate*, or people,
Can cast upon you, worthy such a service,
As you have now the way, and means, to do 'em,
If but your wills consent with my designs.
All. We covet nothing more, most worthy *Consul*.
And how so e're we have been tempted lately,
To a defection, that not makes us guilty :
We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,
Nor in our wills so lost, as to abandon
A friendship, prodigally, of that price,
As is the *Senate*, and the people of *Romes*,

For

For hopes, that do precipitate themselves.

Cit. You then are wise and honest. Do but this, then :
(When shall you speak with *Lentulus*, and the rest ?

All. We are to meet anon, at *Brutus* house.

Cit. Who ? *Decius Brutus* ? He is not in *Rome*.

San. O but his wife *Sempronius*. *Cit.* You instruct me,
She is a chief.) Well, fail not you to meet 'hem,
And to express the best affection
You con put on, to all that they intend.

Like it, applaud it, give the commonwealth,
And *Senate* lost to 'hem. Promise any aids
By arms, or counsel. What they can desire,
I would have you prevent. Only, say this,
You have had dispatch, in private, by the *Consul*,
Of your affairs, and for the many fears

The state's now in, you are will'd by him, this evening,
To depart *Rome* : which you, by all sought means,
Will do, of reason to decline suspicion.

Now for the more authority of the business,
They have trusted to you, and to give it credit
With your own state, at home, you would desire
Their letters to your *Senate*, and your people,
Which shown, you durst engage both life, and honor,
The rest should every way answer their hopes.

Those had, pretend sudden departure, you,
And, as you give me notice, at what port
You will go out, I'll ha' you intercepted,
And all the letters taken with you : So

As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions,
And they convicted of their manifest treason.

Ill deeds are well turn'd back, upon their authors :

And 'gainst an injurer, the revenge is just.

This must be done, now. *All.* Chearfully, and firmly.

We are they, would rather haste to undertake it,

Then stay, to say so. *Cit.* With that confidence, go :

Make your selves happy, while you make *Rome* so.

By *Sangas*, let me have notice from you. *All.* Yes.

Then let us all be quiet, and know our friends and fo

Sempronius, Lentulus, Cethegus, Gabinius, Statilius, Longinus, Volturius, Allobrogus.

WHEN come these creatures, the Ambassadors?

I would fain see 'hem. Are they any schollers?

Len. I think not, madam. *Sem.* Ha' they no greek? *Len.* No surely.

Sem. Fie, what do I here, waiting on 'hem then? If they be nothing but meer states-men. *Len.* Yes, Your ladiship shall observe their gravity, And their reservednes, their many cautions, Fitting their persons. *Sem.* I do wonder much, That states and commonwealths employ not women, To be Ambassadors, sometimes! we should Do as good publick service, and could make As honourable spies (for so *Thucidides* Calls all Ambassadors.) Are they come, *Cethegus*?

Cet. Do you ask me? Am I your scoult, or bawd?

Len. O *Caius*, it is no such busines. *Cet.* No? What do's a woman at it then? *Sem.* Good sir, There are of us can be as exquisite traytors, As'e're a male-conspiratour of you all.

Cet. I, at smock-treason, matron, I believe you; And if I were your husband; but when I Trust to your cobweb-bosoms any other Let me there die a flie, and feast you, spider.

Len. You are too sowre, and harsh *Cethegus*. *Cet.* You Are kind, and courtly. I'de be torn in pieces, With wild *Hippolytus*, nay, prove the death, Every limb over, e're I'de trust a woman, With wind, could I retain it. *Sem.* Sir, they'l be trusted With as good secrets, yet, as you have any: And carry 'hem too, as close, and as conceal'd, As you shall for your heart. *Cet.* I'l not contend with you Either in tongue, or carriage, good *Calipso*:

Len. Th'ambassadors are come. *Cet.* Thanks to thee *Mercury*, That so hast rescu'd me. *Len.* How now, *Volturius*?

Vol. They do desire some speech with you, in private.

Len. O! 'tis about the prophesie, belike, And promise of the *Sibylls*. *Gab.* It may be.

Sem. Shun they, to treat with me, too *Gab.* No, good lady,

Ycf.

You may partake : I have told 'hem, who you are.

Sem. I should be loath to be left out, and here too.

Cet. Can these, or such, be any aids, to us ?

Look they, as they were built to shake the world,
Or be a moment, to our enterprize ?
A thousand, such as they are, could not make
One atome of our souls. They should be men
Worth heavens fear, that looking up, but thus,
Would make *Jove* stand upon his guard, and draw
Himself within his thunder ; which, amaz'd,
He should discharge in vain, and they unburt.
Or, if they were, like *Capaneus*, at *Thebes*,
They should hang dead, upon the highest spires,
And ask the second bolt, to be thrown down.
Why, *Lentulus*, talk you so long ? This time
Had been enough, t' have scatter'd all the stars,
T' have quench'd the sun, and moon, and made the world
Despair of day, or any light, but ours.

Len. How do you like this spirit ? In such men,
Mankind doth live. They are such souls, as thief,
That move the world. *Sem.* I, though he bear me hard,
I, yet, must do him right. He is a spirit
Of the right *Marian* breed. *All.* He is a *Mars*.
Would we had time to live here, and admire him.

Len. Well, I do see you would prevent the *Consd.*
And I commend your care : It was but reason,
To ask our letters, and we had prepar'd them.
Go in, and we will take an oath, and seal 'hem.
You shall have letters too, to *Cariline*,
To visit him i'th' way, and to confirm
The association. This our friend, *Volturini*,
Shall go along with you. Tell our great Generall,
That we are ready here ; that *Lucius Bestia*
The Tribune, is provided of a speech,
To lay the envy of the war on *Cicer* ;
That all but long for his approach, and person ;
And then, you are made free-men, as our selves,

Cicero, Flaccus, Pomtinius, Sanga.

I Cannot fear the war, but to succeed well,
Both for the honour of the cause, and worth
Of him that doth command. For my colleague,
Being so ill affected with the gout,
Will not be able to be there in person ;
And then *Petreius*, his lieutenant, must
Of need take charge o'the army : who is much
The better souldier, having been a *Tribune*,
Prefect, *Lieutenant*, *Prator* in the war,
These thirty years, so conversant i'the army,
As he knows all the souldiers, by their names.

Fla. They'll fight then, bravely, with him. *Pom. I.*, and he
Will lead 'em on as bravely. *Cic.* They have a foe
Will ask their braveries, whose necessities
Will arm him like a fury. But, how ever,
I'll trust it to the manage, and the fortune
Of good *Petreius*, who's a worthy patriot :
Metellus Geler, with three legions, too,
Will stop their course, for *Gallia*. How now, *Fabius*?

San. The train hath taken. You must instantly
Dispose your guards upon the *Milvian* bridge :
For, by that way, they mean to come. *Cic.* Then thither
Pomtinius, and *Flaccus*, I must pray you
To lead that force you have ; and seize them all :
Let not a person scape. *Th'* Ambassadors
Will yield themselves. If there be any tumult,
I'll send you aid. In mean time will call
Longulus to me, *Gabinius*, and *Cethegus*,
Statilinus, *Ceparius*, and all these,
By sev'ral messengers : who no doubt will come,
Without sense, or suspicion. Prodigal then
Feel not their own stock wasting. When I have 'em,
I'll place those guards upon 'em, that they start not.

San. But what 'll you do with *Sempronius* ? *Cic.* A states-anger
Should not take knowledge either of fools, or women.
I do not know, whether my joy or care
Ought to be greater ; that I have discover'd
So foul a treason : or must undergo

The

The envy of so many great mens fate.
But, happen what there can, I will be just,
My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue:
That shall go with me, and before me; still,
And glad me, doing well, though I hear ill.

Pretors, Allobroges, Volturtius.

Fla. Stand, who goes there? *All.* We are th' *Allobroges*
And friends of *Rome*. *Pom.* If you be so, then yield
Your selves unto the *Pretors*, Who in name
Of the whole *Senate*, and the people of *Rome*,
Yet, till you clear your selves, charge you of practice
Against the State. *Vol.* Die friends, and be not taken!
Fla. What voice is that? Down with 'em all. *All.* We yield.
Pom. What's he stands out? Kill him there. *Vol.* Hold, hold, hold.
I yield upon conditions. *Fla.* We give none
To traytors, strike him down. *Vol.* My name's *Volturtius*.
I know *Pomtinius*. *Pom.* But he knows not you,
While you stand out upon these trayterous terms.
Vol. I'll yield upon the safety of my life.
Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.
Vol. Promiseto do your best. I am not so guilty,
As many others, I can name; and will:
If you will grant me favour, *Pom.* All we can
Is to deliver you to the Consul. Take him,
And thank the gods, that thus have saved *Rome*.

Chorus.

Now do our ears, before our eyes,
Like men in misfits,
Discover, whold the State surprize,
And who resists?
And as these clouds do yield to light,
Now, do we see,
Our thoughts of things, how they did fighe,
Which seem'd t' agree?
Of what strange pieces are we mades,
Who nothing know;
But, as new ayres our ears invade,
Still censure so?

This:

That now do hope, and now do fear,
 And now envy,
 And then do hate, and then love dear,
 But know not why ;
 Or, if we do, it is so late, I sign'd the death-warrant
 As our best mood,
 Though true, is then thought out of date,
 And empty of good.
 How have we chang'd, and come about
 In every doom,
 Since wicked Catiline went out,
 And quitted Rome ?
 One while, we thought him innocent ;
 And, then, we accus'd
 The Consul, for his malice spent ;
 And power abuse'd.
 Since, that we hear, he is in arms,
 We think not so :
 Yet charge the Consul, with our harms,
 That let him go.
 So on the censure of the State,
 We still do wander ;
 And make the careful magistrate
 The mark of slander.
 What age is this, where honest men,
 Plac'd at the helm,
 A sea of some foul mouth, or pen,
 Shall overwhelm ?
 And call their diligence, deceipt ;
 Their virtue, vice ;
 Their watchfulness, but lying in wait ;
 And blood, the price.
 O let us pluck this evil seed
 Out of our spirits ;
 And give to every noble deed
 The name it merits.
 Lest we seem fain (if this endures)
 Into those times,
 To love disease : and brook the cures
 Worse, then the crimes.

Act V.

Petreius.

(The army.)

IT is my fortune, and my glory, Soldiers,
This day, to lead you on ; the worthy *Consul*
Kept from the honour of it, by disease :
And I am proud to have so brave a cause
To exercise your arms in. We not, now,
Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large.
Th' extent, and bounds o'th' people of *Rome* shall be ;
But to retain what our great ancestors,
With all their labours, counsels, arts, and actions,
For us were purchasing so many years.
The quarrel is not, now, of fame, of tribute,
Or of wrongs done unto confederates,
For which, the army of the people of *Rome*
Was wont to move : but for your own republique,
For the rais'd temples of th' immortal gods,
For the dear souls of your lov'd wives, and children,
Your parents tombs, your rites, laws, liberty,
And, briefly, for the safety of the world :
Against such men, as only by their crimes
Are known ; thrust out by riot, want, or rashness.
One sort, *Sylla*'s old troops, left here in *Fesula*,
Who suddenly made rich, in those dire times,
Are since, by their unbounded waste expence,
Grown needy, and poor : and have but left t' expect,
From *Catiline*, new bills, and new proscriptions.
These men (they say) are valiant ; yet, I think 'hem
Not worth your pause : For either their old vertue
Is, in their sloth, and pleasures lost ; or, if
It tarry with 'hem, so ill match to yours,
As they are short in number, or, in cause.
The second sort are of thosse (city-beasts,
Rather then citizens) who whilst they reach'd
After our fortunes, have let fly their own ;
These, whelm'd in wine, swell'd up with meats, and weakn'd
With hourly whoredoms, never left the side
Of *Catiline*, in *Rome* ; nor, here, are loos'd.

Promp

From his embraces : such as (trust me) never
 In riding, or in using well their arms,
 Watching, or other military labour,
 Did exercize their youth ; but learn'd to love,
 Drink, dance, and sing, make feasts, and be fine gamesters :
 And these will wish more hurt to you, then they bring you.
 The rest are a mixt kind, all sorts of furies,
 Adulterers, dicers, fencers, out-laws, thieves,
 The murderers of their parents, all the fiak,
 And plague of *Italy*, met in one torrent,
 To take, to day, from us the punishment,
 Due to their mischiefs, for so many years.
 And who, in such a cause, and 'gainst such fiends,
 Would not now wish himself all arm, and weapon ?
 To cut such poysons from the earth, and let
 Their bloud out, to be drawn away in clouds,
 And pour'd, on some inhabitable place,
 Where the hot sun, and slime breeds nought but monsters ?
 Chiefly, when this sure joy shall crown our side,
 That the least man, that falls upon our party
 This day (as some must give their happy names
 To fate, and that eternal memory
 Of the best death, writ with it, for their countrey)
 Shall wake at pleasure, in the ten's of rest ;
 And see far off, beneath him, all their host
 Tormented after life : and *Catiline*, there,
 Walking a wretched, and less ghost, then he.
 I'll urge no more : move forward, with your eagles,
 And trust the *Senates*, and *Romes* cause to heaven.

Arm. To thee, great father *Mars*, and greater *Jove*.

Cæsar, Crassus.

I Ever look'd for this of *Lentulus*,
 When *Catiline* was gone. *Cra.* I gave 'hem lost,
 Many days since. *Cas.* But, wherefore did you bear
 Their letter to the *Consul*, that they sent you,
 To warn you from the city ? *Cra.* Did I know
 Whether he made it ? It migh't come from him,
 For ought I could assure me : if 'they meant,
 I should be safe, among so many, they migh't

Have

Have come, as well as writ. *Ces.* There is no los
In being secure. I have, of late, too, ply'd him
Thick, with intelligences, but they have been
Of things he knew before. *Cra.* A little serves
To keep a man upright, on these state bridges,
Although the passage were more dangerous.
Let us now take the standing part. *Ces.* We must,
And be as zealous for't, as *Cato*. Yet
I would fain help these wretched men. *Cra.* You cannot.
Who would save them, that have betray'd themselves?

Cicero, Quintus, Cato.

I Will not be wrought to it, brother *Quintus*.
There's no man's private enmity shall make
Me violate the dignity of another.
If there were proof 'gainst *Cesar*, or who ever,
To speak him guilty, I would so declare him
But *Quintus Catulus*, and *Piso* both,
Shall know, the *Consul* will not, for their grudge,
Have any man accus'd, or named falsely.

Qui. Not falsely: but if any circumstance,
By the *Allobrges*, or from *Voltinii*,
Wold carry it. *Cic.* That shall not be sought by me.
If it reveal it self, I would not spare
You, brother, if it pointed at you, trust me.

Cato. Good *Marcus Tullius* (which is more, then great)
Thou had'st thy education, with the gods.

Cic. Send *Lentulus* forth, and bring away the rest.
Th's office, I am sorry, sir, to do you.

The Senate.

What may be happy still, and fortunate,
To Rome, and to the Senate: Please you, Fathers,
To break these letters, and to view them round.
If that be not found in them, which I fear,
I, yet, entreat, at such a time, as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha' you brought
The weapons bither, from *Cethegus* house?

L

Pro.

Pre. They are without. *Cic.* Be ready, with *Volturinius*,
To bring him, when the *Senate* calls; and see
None of the rest, conser together. *Fathers*,
What do you read? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your fear, what you find practis'd there?

Cas. It hath a face of horror! *Cic.* I am amaz'd!

Cato. Look there. *Syl.* Gods! Can such men draw common air?

Cic. Although the greatness of the mischief, *Fathers*,
Hath often made my faith small, in this *Senate*,
Yet, since my casting *Cariline* out (for now
I do not fear the envy of the world,

Unless the deed be rather to be fear'd,

That he went hence alive; when those I meant

Should follow him, did not) I have spent both days,

And nights, in watching, what their fury and rage

Was bent on, that so staid, against my thought:

And that I might but take 'hem in that light,

Where, when you met their treason, with your eyes,

Your minds, at length, would think for your own safety,

And now, 'tis done. There are their hands and seals,

Their persons, too, are safe, thanks to the gods.

Bring in *Volturinius*, and the *Allobroges*.

These be the men, were trusted with their letters.

Vol. *Fathers*, believe me, I knew nothing: I

Was travelling for *Gallia*, and am sorry

Cic. Quake not, *Volturinius*. Speak the truth, and hope

Well of this *Senate*, on the *Consuls* word,

Vol. Then, I knew all. But truly I was drawn in

But 'c other day. *Cas.* Say, what thou know'st, and fear not.

Thou hast the *Senate*s faith, and *Consuls* word,

To fortifie thee. *Vol.* I was sent with letters —

And had a message too — from *Lentulus* —

To *Cariline* — that he should use all aids —

Servants, or others — and come with his army,

Asloon, unto the city as he could —

For they were ready, and but staid for him —

To intercept those, that should flee the fire —

These men (the *Allobroges*) did hear it too.

All. Yes, *Fathers*, and they took an oath, to us-

Besides their letters, that we should be free;

And urg'd us, for some present aid of horse.

Cic. Nay, here be other testimonies, *Fathers*,

*He answers
with fear and
interruptions.*

Cethe-

Cethegus armoury. *Cra.* What, not all these? *Cic.* Here's not the hundred part. Call in the Fencer, The weapons
and arms are
brought forth. That we may know the arms to all these weapons. Come, my brave sword-player, to what active use, Was all this steel provided? *Cet.* Had you ask'd In *Sylla's* days, it had been to, cut throats; But, now, it was to look on, only: I lov'd To see good blades, and feel their edge, and points. To put a helm upon a block, and cleave it, And, now and then, to stab an armour through.

Cic. Know you that paper? That will stab you through. Is it your hand? Hold, save the pieces. *Traytor,* Hath thy guilt wak'd thy fury? *Cet.* I did write, I know not what; nor care not: That fool *Lentulus* Did dictate, and I t'other fool, did sign it.

Cic. Bring in *Statilius*: Do's he know his hand too? And *Lentulus*. Reach him that letter. *Sta.* I Confess it all. *Cic.* Know you that seal, yet, *Publius*? *Len.* Yes, it is mine. *Cic.* Whose image is that, on it? *Len.* My grandfathers. *Cic.* What, that renown'd good man, That did so only* embrace his countrey, and lov'd His fellow-citizens! Was not his picture, Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact, So foul — *Len.* As what, impetuous *Cicero*?

Cic. As thou art, for I do not know what's fouler. Look upon these. Do not these faces argue Thy guilt, and impudence? *Len.* What are these to me? I know 'hem not. *All.* No *Publius*? we were with you, At *Brutus* house. *Vol.* Last night. *Len.* What did you there? Who sent for you? *All.* Your self did. We had letters From you, *Cethegus*, this *Statilius* here, *Gabinius* *Cimber*, all, but from *Longinus*, Who would not write, because he was to come Shortly, in person, after us (he said) To take the charge o'the horse, which we should levy.

Cic. And he is fled, to *Catiline*, I hear. *Len.* Spies? spies? *All.* You told us too, o'the *Sybills* books, And how you were to be a king, this year, The twentieth, from the burning of the *Capitoll*. That three *Cornelii* were to reign, in *Rome*, Of which you were the last: and prais'd *Cethegus*, And the great spirits, were with you in the action.

Cet. These are your honourable embassadoours,
My soveraign Lord. *Cat.* Peace, that too bold *Cetbegus*.

All. Besides *Gabinus*, your agent, nam'd
Autorius, Servius Sulla, Vargunteius,
And divers others. *Vol.* I had letters from you,
To *Catiline*, and a message, which I have told
Unto the *Senate*, truly, word for word :
For which, I hope, they will be gracious to me.
I was drawn in by that same wicked *Cimber*,
And thought no hurt at all. *Cic. Volturius*, peace.
Where is thy visor, or thy voice, now, *Lentulus*?
Art thou confounded? Wherefore speak'st thou not?
Is all so clear, so plain, so manifest,
That both thy eloquence, and impudence,
And thy ill nature, too, have left thee, at once?
Take him aside. There's yet one more, *Gabinus*,
The enginer of all. Shew him that paper,
If he do know it? *Gab.* I know nothing. *Cic.* No?
Gab. No. Neither will I know. *Cat.* Impudent head!
Stick it into his throat; were I the *Consul*,
I'd make thee eat the misch'ef, thou hast vented.
Gab. Is there a law for't, *Cato*? *Cat.* Do'st thou ask
After a law, that would't have broke all laws,
Of nature, manhood, conscience, and religion?
Gab. Yes, I may ask for't. *Cat.* No, pernicious *Cimber*.
Thi' enquiring after good, do's not belong
Unto a wicked person. *Gab.* I but *Cato*-
Do's nothing, but by law. *Cra.* Take him aside.
There's proof enough, though he confesses not. *Gab.* Stay,
I will confess. All's true, your spies have told you.
Make much of 'hem. *Cet.* Yes, and reward 'hem well,
For fear you get no more such. See, they do not
Die in a ditch, and stink, now you ha' done with 'hem;
Or beg, o'the bridges, here in *Rome*, whose arches
Their a'tive industry hath sav'd. *Cic.* See, *Fathers*,
What minds, and spirits these are, that being convicted
Of such a treason, and by such a cloud
Of witnessles, dare yet retain their boldness?
What would their rage have done, if they had conquer'd?
I thought when I had thrust out *Catiline*,
Neither the State, nor I, should need t'have fear'd; now do I wish
Lentulus sleep here, or *Longinus* sat,

Or

Or this *Cetbegus* rashness; it was he, that you see, in me and
 I onely watch'd, while he was in our walls, *scandalo* and *outrage* ;
 As one, that had the brain, the hand, the heart. *outrage* of *outrage* .
 But now, we find the contrary ! Where was there *outrage* ? *outrage* of *outrage* .
 A people griev'd, or a state discontent, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* ?
 Able to make, or help a war *g'inst Rome*, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* ?
 But these, th' *Allobroges*, and those they found *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Whom had not the just gods been pleas'd to make *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* ?
 More friends unto our safety, then their own, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 As it then seem'd, neglecting these mens offers, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Where had we been ? or where the commonwealth ? *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 When their great Chief had been call'd home ? this man, and *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Their absolute king (whose noble grandfather, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Arm'd in perfuit of the sedicious *Gracchus*, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Took a brave wound, for dear defence of that, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 VVhich he would spoil) had gather'd all his aids, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Of russians, slaves, and other slaughter-men, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Given us up for murder, to *Cetbegus*, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 The' other rank of citizens, to *Gabinus* ; *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 The city, to be fir'd by *Cassius* ; *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 And *Italy*, Nay the world, to be laid waste, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 By curs'd *Catiline*, and his complices *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Lay but the thought of it, before you, *Esther*, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Think but with me you saw this glorious city, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 The light of all the earth, tower of altinations, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Suddenly falling in one flame. Imagine, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 You view'd your countrey buried with the heaps, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Of slaughter'd citizens, that had no grave, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 This *Lentulus* here, reig'ning (as he dream'd), *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 And those his purple *Senators*, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
Catiline come, hold to your grudge, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 VVith his fierce army, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 And the cries of matrons, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 The flight of children, and the rape of virgins, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Shrieks of the living, with the dying groans, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 On every side t' invade your sense, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 The blood of *Rome*, were mixed with her ashes, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 This was the spectacle these fiends intended, *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 To please their malice. *Cat.* I, and it would *want* to *outrage* not *outrage* .
 Have been a brave one, *Consul*. But your part,
 Had not been then so long, as now it is :
 I should have quite defeated your oration ;
 And slit that fine rhetorical pipe of yours,
 I'the first *Scene*. *Cat.* Insolent monster ! *Cic.* *Esther*,

Is it your pleasures, they shall be committed
Unto some safe, but a free custody,
Until the Senate can determine farther?

Sen. It pleaseth well. Cic. Then, *Marcus Crassus*,
Take your charge of *Gabinius*; send him home,
Unto your houle. You *Cesar* of *Scribonius*,
Cethegus shall be sent to *Cornificius*; *Publius* of old
And *Lentulus*, to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*.
Who now is *Ædile*. Cat. It were best, the *Prators*
Carried 'hem to their houses, and deliv'ated 'hem.

Cic. Let it be so. Take 'hem from hence. *Cas.* But, first,
Let *Lentulus* put off his *Praetor* ship.

Len. I do resign it hereunto the *Senate*.

Cas. So now, there's no offence done to religion.

Cat. *Cesar*, 'twas piously, and timely urg'd.

Cic. What do you decree to the *Allobroges*?
That were the lights to this discovery.

Cra. A free grant, from the state, of all their suits.

Cas. And a reward, out of the publick treasure.

Cat. I, and the title of honest men, to crown 'hem.

Cic. What to *Volturiki*? *Cas.* Life, and favour's well.

Vol. I ask no more. *Cat.* Yes, yes, some money, thou need'st it;

'Twill keep thee honest: want made thee a knave.

Syl. Let *Flaccus*, and *Pominius*, the *Prators*,
Have publick thanks, and *Quintus Fabius Sangarius*, to reward 'em
For their good service. *Cra.* They deserve it all.

Cat. But what do we decree unto the *Consul*,
Whose virtue, counsel, watchfulness, and wisdom;

Hath free'd the Commonwealth, and without tumult,

Slaughter, or blood, or fear, vanquish'd a force,
Rescu'd us all out of the jaws of fate.

Cra. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes.

Cas. Our wives, our children, parents, and our gods.

Syl. We all are saved, by his fortitude.

Cato. The commonwealth owes him a civick garland.
He is the onely father of his Countrey.

Cas. Let there be publick prayer, to all the gods,
Made in that name, for him. *Cra.* And in these words.

For that he hath, by his vigilance, prefer'v'd

Rome from the flame, the Senate from the sword,

And all her citizens from massacre.

Cic. How are my labours more then paid, grave *Fathers*,

In these great titles, and decreed honours!
 Such, as to me, first, of the civil robe,
 Of any man, since *Rome* was *Rome*, have hap'ned;
 And from this frequent *Senate*: which more glads me,
 That I now see, yo'have sense of your own safety.
 If those good days come no less grateful to us,
 Wherein we are preserv'd from some great danger,
 Then those, wherein w'are born, and brought, to light
 Because the gladness of our safety is certain,
 But the condition of our birth not so;
 And that we are sav'd with pleasure, but are born
 Without the sense of joy: why should not, then,
 This day, to us, and all posterity
 Of ours, be had in equal fame, and honour,
 With that, when *Remulus* first rear'd these walls,
 When so much more is saved, then he built?

Ces. It ought. *Cra.* Let it be added to our *Faith*.

Cic. What tumult's that? *Fla.* Here's one *Tarquinus* taken,
 Going to *Catiline*; and sayes he was sent
 By *Marcus Crassus*; whom he names, to be
 Guilty of the conspiracy. *Cic.* Some lying varlet.
 Take him away, to prison. *Cra.* Bring him in,
 And let me see him. *Cic.* He is not worth it, *Crassus*.
 Keep him up close, and hungry, till he tell
 By whose pernicious counsel, he durst slander
 So great, and good a citizen. (*Cra.* By yours
 I fear, 'twill prove.) *Syl.* Some o' the traitors, sure,
 To give their action the more credit, bid him
 Name you, or any man. *Cic.* I know my self,
 By all the tracks, and courses of this business,
Crassus is noble, just, and loves his country.

Fla. Here is a libel too, accusing *Cesare*,
 From *Lucius Vettius*, and confirm'd by *Curius*.

Cic. Away with all, throw it out o' the court.

Ces. A trick on me, too? *Cic.* It is some mens malice,
 I said to *Curius*, I did not believe him.

Ces. Was not that *Curius* your spie, that had
 Reward decreed unto him, the last *Senate*,
 With *Fulvia*, upon your private motion?

Cic. Yes. *Ces.* But, he ha's not that reward, yet? *Cic.* No.
 Let not this trouble you, *Cesare*, none believes it.

Ces. It shall not, if that he have no reward.

But if he have, sure I shall think my self
Very untimely, and unsafe honest,
Where such, as he is, may have pay t' accuse me.

Cic. You shall have no wrong done you, noble *Cesar*,
But all contentment. *Cat.* Censur, I am silent, vanoy, but when I say
an or interest else on ones exchibition shal be
shown! *Catiline.* merit b'visiting on *The army*.

I Never yet knew, **Soldiers**, that, in fight
Words added virtue unto valiant men,
Or, that a General's oration made
An army fall, or stand: but how much proweys
Habitual, or natural each mans breast
Was owner of, so much in act it shew'd.
Whom neither glory or danger can excite.
"Tis vain t'attempt with speech: for the minds fear
Keeps all brave souuds from enting at that ear.
I, yet, would warnt you some few things, my friends,
And give you reason of my present counself.
You know, no less then I, what state, what point
Our affairs stand in: and you all have heard,
What a calamitous misery the sloth,
And sleepiness of *Lentulus*, hath pluck'd
Both on himself, and us: how, whil'st our aids
There, in the City look'd for, are defeated,
Our entrance into *Galicia*, too, is stopt.
Two armies wait us: one from *Rome*, the other
From the *Gaule-Provinces*. And where we are,
(Although I most desire it,) the great Want
Of corn, and victual, forbids longer stay.
So that, of need, we must remove, but whither
The sword must both direct, and cut the passage.
I onely, therefore, wish you, when you strike,
To have your valours, and your souls, about you;
And think, you carry in your labouring hands
The things you seek, glory, and liberty,
Your countrey, which you want now, with the *Fates*,
That are to be instruced, by our swords.
If we an give the blow, all will be safe to us.
We shall not want provision, nor supplies.
The colon es, and free towns will ly open,
Where,

Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
 Nor friend, to shelter those, whom their own fortune,
 And ill us'd arms have left without protection.
 You might have liv'd in servitude, or exile,
 Or safe at *Rome*, depending on the great ones ;
 But that you thought those things unfit for men.
 And, in that thought, you then were valiant.
 For no man ever yet chang'd peace for war,
 But he, that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
 There's more necessity, you should be such,
 In fighting for your selves, then they for others.
 He's base that trusts his feet, whose hands are arm'd.
 Me thinks, I see *Death*, and the *Furies*, waiting
 What we will do ; and all the heaven' at leisure
 For the great spectacle. Draw, then, your swords :
 And, if our destiny envy our virtue,
 The honor of the day, yet let us care
 To sell our selves, at such a price, as may
 Undo the world, to buy us ; and make *Fate*,
 While she tempts ours, fear her own estate.

The Senate.

Sen. What means this hasty calling of the *Senate* ?
 Sen. We shall know straight. Wait, till the *Consul* speaks :
 Pom. *Fathers-Conscript*, bethink you of your safeties,
 And what to do, with these conspirators ;
 Some of their clients, their free'd men, and slaves
 'Gin to make head : there is one of *Lentulus* bawds
 Runs up and down the shops, through every street,
 With money to corrupt the artificers,
 And needy tradesmen, to their aid. *Cethegus*
 Hath sent, too, to his servants, who are many,
 Chosen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings,
 That forthwith they should arm themselves, and prove
 His rescue : All will be in instant uproar,
 If you prevent it not, with present counsels.
 We have done what we can, to meet the fury,
 And will do more. Be you good to your selves !

Cic. What is your pleasure, *Fathers*, shall be done ?
Syllanus, you are *Consul* next design'd.

Your sentence, of these men. *Syl.* 'Tis short, and this,
 Since they have sought to blot the name of *Rome*,
 Out of the world ; and raze this glorious empire
 VVith her own hands, and arms, turn'd on her self :
 I think it fit they die. And, could my breath
 Now execute 'em, they should not enjoy
 An article of time, or eye of light,
 Longer, to poyson this our common air.

Sen. I think so too. *Sen.* And I. *Sen.* And I. *Sen.* And I.
Cic. Your sentence, *Caius Caesar*, *Caſ. Conſcript Fashers*,
 In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
 Men that are ask'd their sentence, to be free
 From either hate, or love, anger, or pity :
 For, where the least of these do hinder, there
 The mind not easily discerns the truth.
 I speak this to you, in the name of *Rome*,
 For whom you stand ; and to the preſent cause :
 That this foul fact of *Lentulus*, and the rest,
 VVeigh not more with you then your dignity ;
 And you be more indulgent to your paſſion,
 Then to your honour. If there could be found
 A pain, or punishment, equal to their crimes,
 I would devife, and help : but, if the greatness
 Of what they ha' done, exceed all mans invention,
 I think it fit, to stay, where our laws do.
 Poor petty states may alter, upon humour,
 VVhere, if they offend with anger, few do know it,
 Because they are obſcure ; their fame, and fortune,
 Is equal, and the fame. But they, that are
 Head of the world, and live in that ſcen height,
 All mankind knows their actions. So we ſee,
 The greater fortune, hath the leſſer licence.
 They muſt nor favour, hate, and leaſt be angry :
 For what with others is call'd anger, there,
 Is cruelty, and pride. I know *Syllanus*,
 VWho ſpoke before me, a juſt, valiant man,
 A lover of the ſtate, and one that would not,
 In ſuſh a buſineſſ, uſe or grace, or hatred ;
 I know too, well, his manners, and modeſty :
 Nor do I think his ſentenee cruel (for
 'Gainſt ſuſh delinquentſ what can be too bloody ?)
 But that it is abhorring from our ſtate ;

Since

Since to a citizen of *Rome*, offending,
 Our laws give exile, and not death. Why then
 Decrees he that ? 'Twere vain to think, for fear,
 When, by the diligence of so worthy a *Consul*,
 All is made safe, and certain. Is't for punishment?
 Wh^o, death's the end of evils, and a rest,
 Rather then torment : It dissolves all griefs,
 And beyond that, is neither care, nor joy.
 You hear, my sentence would not have 'em die.
 How then ? set free, and increase *Catilines* army ?
 So will they, being but banish'd. No, grave *Fathers*,
 I judge 'em first, to have their states confiscate,
 Then, that their persons remain prisoners
 I'the free towns, far off from *Rome*, and sever'd :
 Where they might neither have relation,
 Hereafter, to the *Senate*, or the people.
 Or, if they had, those towns, then to be mulcted,
 As enemies to the state, that had their guard.

Sen. 'T is good and honorable, *Caſar*, hath utter'd,
Cic. *Fathers*, I see your faces, and your eyes
 All bent on me, to note of these two censures,
 Which I incline to. Either of them are grave,
 And answering the dignity of the speakers,
 The greatness of th' affair, and both severe.
 One urgeth death : and he may well remember
 This state hath punish'd wicked citizens so.
 The other bonds : and those perpetual, which
 He thinks found out for the more singular plague.
 Decree, which you shall please. You have a *Consul*,
 Not readier to obey, then to defend,
 What ever you shall act, for the republique ;
 And meet with willing shoulders any burden,
 Or any fortune, with an even face,
 Though it were death : which to a valiant man
 Can never happen foul, nor to a *Consul*
 Be immature, or to a wise man wretched.

Syl. *Fathers*, I speake, but as I thought : the needs
 O'th' commonwealth requir'd. *Caſ.* Excuse it not.
Cic. *Cato*, speak you your sentence. *Caſ.* This it is,
 You here dispute, on kinds of punishment,
 And stand consulting, what you should decree
 'Gainst those, of whom, you rather should beware;

This mischief is not like those common facts,
 Which, when they are done, the laws may prosecute.
 But this, if you provide not, e're it happen,
 When it is happen'd, will not wait your judgement.
 Good *Caius Cæsar*, here, hath very well,
 And subtilly discours'd of life, and death,
 As if he thought those things, a pretty fable,
 That are deliver'd us of hell, and turies,
 Or of the divers way, that ill men go
 From good to filthy, dark, and ugly places.
 And therefore, he would have these live; and long too;
 But far from *Rome*, and in the small free towns,
 Lest, here, they might have rescue: As if men,
 Fit for such acts, were only in the City,
 And not throughout all *Italy*? or, that boldness
 Could do no more, where it found least resistance?
 'Tis a vain counsel, if he think them dangerous.
 Which, if he do not, but that he alone,
 In so great fear of all men, stand unfrighted,
 He gives me cause, and you, more to fear him.
 I am plain, *Fathers*. Here you look about,
 One at another, doubting what to do;
 With faces, as you trusted to the gods;
 That still have sav'd you; and they can do't: But,
 They are not wishings, or base womanish prayers,
 Can draw their aids; but vigilance, counsel, a&ion:
 Which they will be ashamed to forsake.
 'Tis sloth they hate, and cowardise. Here, you have
 The traytors in your houses, yet, you stand,
 Fearing what to do with 'hem; Let 'hem loose,
 And send 'hem hence with arms, too; that your mercy
 May turn your misery, as soon as 't can.
 O, but, they are great men, and have offended,
 But, through ambition. We would spare their honor:
 I, if themselves had spar'd it, or their fame,
 Or modesty, or either god, or man:
 Then I would spare 'hem. But, as things now stand,
Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit
 A greater wickedness, then you woold revenge:
 If there had been but time, and place, for you,
 To have repair'd this fault, you should have made it;
 It should have been your punishment, t' have felt.

Your

Your tardy error : but necessity, and just law, oblige me to do it.
Now, bids me say, let 'hem not live an hour, by my command.

If you mean Rome should live a day. I have done.

Sen. Cato hath spoken like an oracle.

Cra. Let it be so decreed. Sen. We are all fearful.

Syl. And had been base, had not his virtue raze'd us.

Sen. Go forth, most worthy Consul; we'll assist you.

Cas. I am not yet chang'd in my sentence, Fathers.

Cat. No matter. What be those? Sen. Letters, for Casar.

Cas. From whom? let 'hem be read in open Senate;

Fathers, they come from the conspirators.

I crave to have 'hem read, for the republike.

Cas. Cato, read you it. 'Tis a love-letter

From your dear sister, to me: though you hate me.

Do not discover it. Cat. Hold thee, drunkard. Consul,

Go forth, and confidently. Cas. You'll repent.

This rashnes, Cicero. Pra. Casar shall repent it.

Cic. Hold friends: Pra. He's scarce a friend unto the publick.

Cic. No violence. Casar, be safe: Lead on:

Where are the publick executioners?

Bid 'hem wait on us. On, to Spinther's house.

Bring Lentulus forth. Here, you, the sad revengers

Of capital crimes, against the publick, take

This man unto your justice: strangle him.

Len. Thou do'st well, Consul. 'Twas a cast at dice,

In Fortunes hand, not long since, that thy self

Should'st have heard these, or other words as fatal.

Cic. Lead on, to Quintus Cornificius house.

Bring forth Cethegus. Take him to the dye

Death, that he hath deserv'd: and let it be

Said. He was once. Cat. A beast, or what is worse,

A slave, Cethegus. Let that be the name

For all that's base, hereafter: That would let

This worm pronounce on him, and not have trampled

His body into — Ha! Art thou not mov'd?

Cic. Justice is never angry: Take him hence.

Cet. O, the whore Fortune! and her bawds the Fates!

That put these tricks on men, which knew the way

To death by a sword. Strangle me, I may sleep:

I shall grow angry with the gods, else: Cic. Lead

To Caius Casar, for Sestilius.

Bring him, and rude Gabinius, out. Here, take 'hem

To your cold hands, and let 'em feel death from you.

Gab. I thank you, you do me a pleasure. *sta.* And me too.

Cat. So, *Marcus Tullius*, thou may'st now stand up,

And call it happy *Rome*, thou being *Consul*.

Great parent of thy countrey, go, and let

The old men of the city, ere they die,

Kiss thee; the matrons dwell about thy neck;

The youths, and maids, lay up, 'gainst they are old,

What kind of man thou wert, to tell their nephews.

When, such a year, they ready within our *Festi*,

Thy *Consul-ship*: Who's this, *Patreiu*? *Cic.* Welcome,

Welcome renowned soildier. What's the news?

This face can bring no ill with't, unto *Rome*.

How do's the worthy *Consul*, thy colleague?

Pet. As well as victory can make him fair.

He greets the *Fathers*, and to me hath trusted

The sad relation of the civil strife;

Fair, in such war, the conquest still is black.

Cic. Shall we withdraw into the house of *Concord*?

Cat. No, happy *Consul*, here, let all ears take

The benefit of this tale. If he had voice,

To spread unto the poles, and strike it through

The centre, to the *Antipodes*: It would ask it.

Pet. The straits, and needs of *Cariline* being such,

As he must fight with one of the two armies,

That then had near enelos'd him, It pleas'd *Fate*,

To make us th' object of his desperate choise,

Wherein the danger almost poliz'd the honour:

And as he ris', the day grew black with him;

And *Fate* descended nearer to the earth,

As if she meant, to hide the name of things,

Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.

At this we rous'd, left one small minutes stay

Had left it to be enquir'd, what *Rome* was.

And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence

Of our great caule, in form of battle, stood.

Wi' illst *Catiline* came on, not with the face

Of any man, but of a publick ruiise:

His count'nce was a civil war it self.

And all his host bad-standing in their looks,

The paleness of the death, that was to come.

Yet cried they out like vultures, and urg'd on,

As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor staid we longer for 'hem; but himself
Strook the first stroke: And, with it, fled a life.
Which cut, it seem'd a narrow neck of land;
Had broke between two mighty seas; and e'er
Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter:
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet, and not yield. The *Faries* stood, on hills,
Circling the place, and trembled to see men
Do more, then they: whilst piety left the field,
Griev'd for that side, that in so bad a cause;
They knew not, what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frightened horse, whom still the noise drove backward.
And now had fierce *Enyo*, like a flame,
Consum'd all it could reach, and then it self;
Had not the fortune of the Commonwealth
Come *Pallas*-like, to every *Roman* thought.
Which *Catiline* seeing, and that now his troops
Cover'd that earth, they had fought on, with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in
(Arm'd with a glory, high as his despair)
Into our battle, like a *Lybian* lyon,
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled in himself with death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And, as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth *Meleesa*'s head,
One of the gyant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing fight, and now,
Almost made stone, began t'enquire, what flint,
What rock it was, that crept through all his limbs;
And, e're he could think more, was that he fear'd;
So *Catiline*, at the fight of *Rome* in us,
Became his tomb: yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still mov'd,
As if he labour'd, yet, to grasp the state,

VVith those rebellious parts. *Cat.* A brave bad death.
Had this been honest now, and for his countrey,
As 'twas against it, who had e're fallen greater?

Cic. Honour'd Petreius, *Rome*, not I, must thank you:
How modestly ha's he spoken of himself!

Cat. He did the more. *Cic.* Thanks to the immortal gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my labours.
My watchings, and my dangers. Here conclude
Your praises, triumphs, honours, and rewards,
Decree'd to me: only the memory
Of this glad day, if I may know it live
VVithin your thoughts, shall much affect my conscience,
VVhich I must awayes study before fame.
Thongh both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got, without the first.

The End.

The principal Tragoedians, when first
Acted in the year 1611. were,

<i>Ric. Burbadge.</i>	<i>Job. Heminges.</i>
<i>Alex. Cooke.</i>	<i>Hen. Condell.</i>
<i>Job. Lowin.</i>	<i>Job. Underwood.</i>
<i>Wil. Ostlen.</i>	<i>Nic. Tooley.</i>
<i>Ric. Robinson.</i>	<i>Wil. Eglestone.</i>

